

# THE THEOSOPHIST

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**F**OR the first time since 1914 we meet in Convention of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, our central Home. I trust all who can will come to our gathering—one of great moment in the history of our movement. The idea of going to Nagpur is given up.

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From what distant places comes news of the Lights which mark the presence of the Lodges of our Theosophical Society! Here is one from Shanghai in the Far East, from the Saturn Lodge. After confirming a cable that had brought to me birthday greetings, and expressing their happiness in being co-workers "in the great work of proclaiming the magnificent

ideals of Theosophy to the world," the Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. F. L. Harrison, goes on :

We have taken rooms in town and have now our own home; with the assistance of other members we succeeded in completing arrangements—in three days—for the occupation by the 1st October, on which auspicious day the Lodge was consecrated for our Theosophical work, and at the same time we celebrated your birthday. I enclose a copy of the programme for your perusal. The members unite in expressing their appreciation, heartfelt gratitude and thanks for the inspiration and encouragement, the hope and guidance, they have received from your writings. We pray that it may be our privilege to serve under your leadership and guidance, that you will remain with us for a long time to come, and through your aid we shall reach the Feet of the Masters of Wisdom.

The Lodge has taken the beautiful and appropriate motto: "Let your Light so shine before men, that they may glorify your Father which is in Heaven." It is interesting to notice that at the consecration of the Lodge, the address was rendered into Chinese, and also that the Hon. President is one who has long been a student of our literature, Dr. Wu-Ting-Fang. The address of the Lodge is not on the letter-paper, but letters are to be directed to Box 15, British Post Office, Shanghai, so the Lodge address could be obtained there by any wandering Theosophist who found himself in Shanghai.

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One cannot write of Theosophy in China without remembering our faithful Brother C. Spurgeon Medhurst, who has laboured there for so long, and planted its seed in Shanghai. A letter came also from him during the last month, from Peking. He is fortunate in seeing the Lodge founded in his old Chinese abiding-place. He has always had great hopes for China as a Nation, and a belief in her high destiny, despite the troubled waters through which she has been struggling. All foreigners who know the Chinese away from the seaboard, where many corrupting influences have deteriorated the National character, cherish a deep respect for the high morality and nobility of that ancient race. Surely they must still have a part to play in the world of the future, to which

they might bring so much of lofty spirituality and profound intellectual teaching.

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To leave the Far East and to spring across to Britain, we find our ever-active Leeds Lodge with its autumn syllabus of good fare offered to the thoughtful. We see on the syllabus the name of Mr. L. W. Rogers, the President of the American Section of the T.S.—the laws of the United States apparently insist on bestowing the title of President on the official named the General Secretary by the Theosophical Society. I am not sure that it is wise to use the local title outside the country in which it is valid, as it may give rise to confusion in the uninstructed public, who may think either that Mr. Rogers is President of the Theosophical Society, or that the American Section is an independent Body—neither of which suppositions is true. Mr. Rogers is giving a course of five lectures under the auspices of the Leeds Lodge. Miss Clara Codd, one of our most eloquent and popular lecturers, also appears on the syllabus; she is a great favourite in Leeds, and attracts very large audiences.

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Across the Irish Channel, and we stop at Belfast, where the Rev. John Barron has laboured so patiently and well, and has at last seen his work crowned with success in the building up of the Belfast Lodge. Three courses of lectures from outside are noted in its syllabus, as well as the regular lectures on Sundays and Mondays. Mr. E. L. Gardner of London, Mr. L. W. Rogers of the T.S. in America, and Miss Christie of New Zealand—well known at Adyar, and in Madras among the Indian ladies there—are noted as lecturing in October, November and December.

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Poor Ireland, blessed Island of Saints, so rich in memories of the Long Ago, the “India” of the West, how hard is th

road that her bruised and bleeding feet are treading! Long centuries of ill rule have laid her desolate; her pathetic loyalty to the Stuarts marked one of the many tragedies of her long martyrdom; the dour sons of the North, alien in race and religion, ever set over against the beauty-loving, imaginative, emotional, careless children of the South, and rending her in twain. Ever faithful is the heart of Irish Ireland to her beloved lost causes, faithful to death and beyond it to ancestral religion and to traditions of ancient glory, dimly glowing in the sunset over the horizonless Atlantic, whelmed beneath which lie the cities and the dynasties that, shrouded, pass before her in the dream-life of the Past. And still the Curse rests on her from the drowned shrine to which leads the road which plunges under the ocean waves that thunder on her western coast. Will S. Patrick never again return to her blood-sodden soil, and lift up her head crowned with her glorious brown-black hair, and smile into her violet eyes, and bless her with His Peace? Long has she suffered in bitterest penance; is it not time, dear Lord, to wipe away her tears? If she has sinned, shall she not be forgiven, for much has she loved, and her love has ever led her to sacrifice, and ever has it been born of the Spirit, indomitable and fearless, not of the body.

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And now, south-east our mail carries us, to Mombasa, where a warrior Theosophist, Lieut.-Colonel Peacocke, finds himself, after much good service in the War, and feels himself inspired to write to *The Leader*—not of Allahabad, as Indian readers may think, but—of Mombasa. The article is called “British Empire Destiny,” and he begins with the complaint:

Many white colonists do not, cannot, think Imperially. They are foes and not friends of the Empire, because their vision is limited to the narrow circle of their own small world, namely the Colony they live in.

He then writes on the

Wisdom, whereby a man senses the Eternal behind the fleeting, the Unity behind the many, the Life behind the form, the Plan of the Architect and the tender guidance of His Master Masons behind the blundering work of human builders.

He passes on to suggest that the "One Father" is ever seeking agents and instruments among His earthly children for the carrying out of His Plan, and offering to them the privilege of being co-workers with Himself:

I am convinced that the British race as a whole is being granted such a privilege to-day; and the object of this sermon is to present the foundations for a faith which, once correctly grasped by the intellect, cannot but vastly enlarge the conception of "Empire" and its utility and responsibility, even before the concrete mind has had time to garner, sort and weigh the evidence, which will bring conviction to the reason and prove the faith. The intuition can illuminate the intellect, but that illumination is easily dimmed, coloured or even broken, if due care be not taken to keep the mind plastic and receptive to new ideas, and to be ever on guard against "prejudice"—the most subtle and most dangerous enemy of the aspirant for knowledge.

This idea will provoke much opposition to-day, in the minds of many, especially in Ireland and in India, who see how badly the present "Empire" is performing its duties at the moment, after that splendid rising to her great possibility in 1914, when she blew the conch of Liberty, "sounding on high a Lion's roar," as did "the Ancient of the Kurus, the Grandsire, the glorious," on Kurukshetra. Yet it may be that her stumbling footsteps may yet be steadied, and climb the upward path. Our Lieut.-Colonel proceeds, after speaking of what I have called "The Inner Government of the World":

You may now be asking: what has all this to do with the establishment of a British Empire? Well, if God (or Providence) be a reality and not a mere pious fancy, if He has a definite object in the creation of humanity, and if the growth of humanity is being guided towards the achievement of that object, it is surely of no small importance to decide what type of people shall be entrusted for a time with extensive power in the world and the right of governing other peoples of various types and Faiths, and so affecting their future development.

Now, in the organised service of superhuman Officials, to whom I have referred as the Guardians of Humanity, one department, the "ruling," is particularly concerned with the physical conditions of the

various races, and selects the most suitable people at any given time for obtaining the desired results; while another, the "teaching" department, is in charge of the education and moral growth of humanity, and it founds the religions suitable for particular types, and which will emphasise the virtues especially required by the ruling department in any projected civilisation.

After alluding to another Nation that had been given the chance of developing an Empire, but had failed,

another race, the British, was selected and tested during many decades. Having proved suitable, it was decided that the British should be entrusted with the projected World Empire, which was to be one of the main instruments in establishing a new social order based on the *practical application* of the well known democratic teaching of the "Head of the Teaching Department," when He last came out publicly to found a suitable religion for the coming Western civilisation. In this connection I was told at the time that a very great war would take place in the first quarter of the (then) coming century, which would destroy the physical power of the German Empire, as its ideals were opposed to human progress on the lines of that part of the Divine Plan which the "Guardians" were responsible for carrying out. I remember saying at the time that I hoped I would not be too old to take part in this coming war . . . I was assured that the war would take place as soon as, but not before, conditions and circumstances made victory certain for the side upon which the British would be fighting; and that then a League of Nations would be founded, and the British Empire firmly established as a mighty, variegated compound wherein each unit would enjoy freedom and justice.

Lieut.-Colonel Peacocke suggests a daily formula :

I belong to the British Empire, and I am proud of it. The Empire is going to be the greatest thing the world has ever seen, as a democratic union of many different types of creeds and colours, and I am going to do my little bit to help make it so. May I throughout this day never forget that every man is really my brother, travelling beside me on the road to our Father's House.

I need hardly say that in this general statement I agree, and that since I was sent to India in 1893 I have been working towards it: first, by seeking to arouse the Indian Nation to a sense of the splendour of its past and the greater splendour of its future; secondly, by working for an Education religious and patriotic, which should fit Indian youth for freedom; then thirdly, helping on Social Reform, by opposing child-marriage, lifting the submerged classes, encouraging foreign travel, and seeking to draw England and India together; fourthly, by claiming India's place in the Empire and a status of equality

therein. All this is clearly marked in my published lectures and writings. For this I held up the great ideal of Home Rule, constructive and by a Parliamentary statute; equally for this, when the gathering disruptive forces through 1918 came to a head at Delhi, I voted with half-a-dozen others against the majority, and in 1919 strongly opposed the Rowlatt legislation, equally for this also, when one Bill was withdrawn and the other so altered as to leave nothing one could break in it; and when Mr. Gandhi's "civil disobedience" threatened law and invited riot and repression, I flung away my popularity to oppose him, and strove in England to improve the then unsatisfactory Reforms, and, with many other Indians, helped in widening them and in making them a substantial step towards Home Rule; equally for this, I have fought unflinchingly since April last against Non-Co-operation, the great disruptive movement engineered by the Lords of Darkness against the union of Britain and India as the day of their partnership was rapidly approaching, and that promise of the World-Commonwealth, the dawn of the Indo-British Commonwealth, was on the horizon, the Commonwealth which means World Peace and World Prosperity, and the spiritualising of Humanity. The desperate struggle which is to decide the destiny of both countries is proceeding, and they will either march forward hand-in-hand for the uplifting of the world, or, torn asunder, will lose their place of leadership—Britain to sink into a second-rate Power, and India to pass into an era of invasion and spoliation, the helpless prey of the northern Asian tribes, from which the strong shield of Britain and her own British-trained warrior sons now protect her.

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Because so much lies in the scales of Destiny—no less than the world passing on into peace and happiness, strongly aided by the Indo-British Commonwealth, the model of the World Commonwealth of the future, or the set-back of the

world for many generations—because of this did I call, last month, “on all students and lovers of Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom, to range themselves under the banner of ordered and progressive Freedom, and to oppose the threatened anarchy”; I have no authority to command—for the Society is democratic in its constitution—and can only call from the Watch-Tower, and warn all who are intuitive of the peril in which we stand. If India, the Mother, fails, then will Bolshevism triumph for the time, and spread red ruin over the world. But I believe that she will not fail, that she will recognise her Dharma, and take her place in the World-Order.

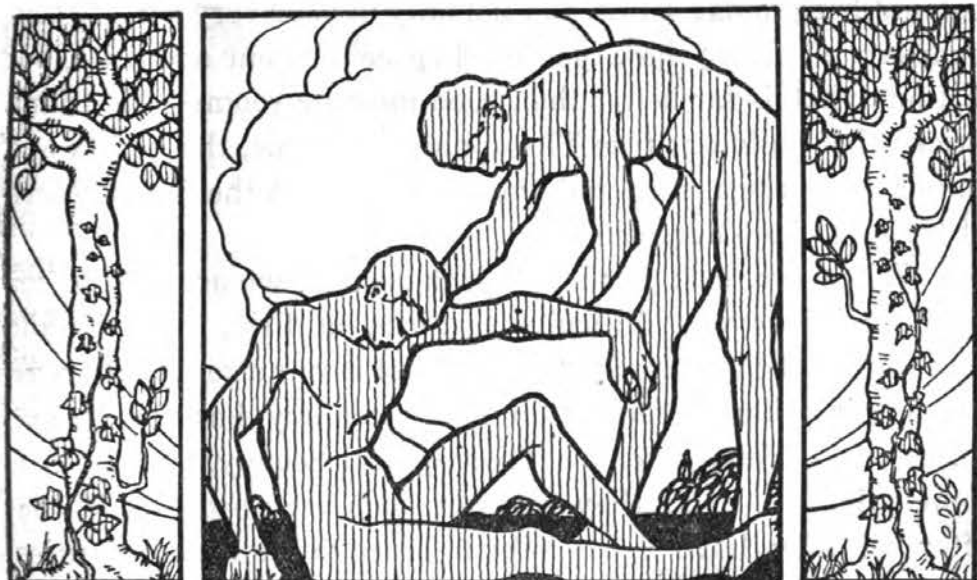
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Again I have to chronicle the passing away of an old and faithful Brother, Pestonji Khan. One of his contemporaries, Brother N. F. Bilimoria, writes:

Bro. Pestonji D. Khan has also passed away. He had joined the T.S. in 1888, and was one of the active workers of the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay. He was a partner of the firm of Messrs. F. B. Khan & Co., of Colombo, who traded with various parts of the world, and are considered as “Merchant-princes” in that City. Mr. Pestonji was the first Pārsi J. P. honoured by the Ceylon Government. He had travelled over both hemispheres in Japan, China, Persia, Russia, the interior of Norway, America, etc. During his travels, and while in Bombay in the T.S. Charitable Homœopathic Dispensary with Mr. Tukaram Tatya, he had cured hundreds of patients suffering from various diseases by magnetic healing. But he was often heard to say that no one would cure him when he came to suffer; and so it was. The last malady from which he suffered lasted for some years, and could not be cured. He had a wonderful power of subduing ferocious animals. Once, while at a “Zoo” at Navsari, we were taking a stroll in the garden. Coming near a cage of a black panther, the brute rose with a growl on his feet. “Shall I subdue him?” asked Mr. Khan. He stared for a moment right into the eyes of the animal, and lo! in a minute he dropped his head like a lamb and began to crouch on the ground. We went further on and came near a cage of a lioness. The same process was repeated. Although a millionaire, he lived a simple and saintly life. His charities were unassuming, catholic, and in secret. In the Lodge he worked with ardour and enthusiasm in those days. May he rest in peace and may Eternal Light shine upon him!

May the blessings of Those he faithfully served be on him.





# Brotherhood

THE TIME AND THE WORK<sup>1</sup>

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS AND BRETHREN OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY:

It is many years since I stood in your Bradford Lodge, and many have been the changes which have taken place in the course of those years. I cannot but look back, in coming here, because in this very year, 1919, I complete thirty years' membership of the Theosophical Society, and when I first came to Bradford it was only a very small group of very earnest men who were studying the Divine Wisdom, and all around them difficulty, indifference, apathy, and discouragement of every

<sup>1</sup> Address to the Bradford Lodge, England.

kind; but during those thirty years of hard and persevering and strenuous labour, the study has been growing; and in coming here to-day I find you not only in your very comfortable quarters, showing how you need space for your activities, but I find what is far better than good meeting rooms—the living bricks that build our true Theosophical Temple, the hearts and minds of earnest men and women devoted to the Great Work of trying to help our race.

When we look back and look around, we are able to see how against every difficulty, against, at first, ridicule and mockery, and then attack of every kind as our strength increased, a fairly kindly feeling in every country has now grown up towards Fellows of the Theosophical Society, because it is found that after all they are not such very bad people, that after all they have some help to bring to their communities, to their towns, that they have some light to shed on the great problems of our time, and, above all else, that they are ready to work without gain in any useful cause, and to help for the sake of the joy of service and for nothing else. That has been won here and elsewhere all over the world during these thirty years; and now we find ourselves in this position—at least, the older amongst us—that having studied for very long, having tried to glimpse the truths, we have found—many of us having learned to meditate and having proved by experience—the immense power of thought; we have found ourselves face to face with one of those great Guides of human destinies, who not only once in some thousands of years have come upon the world before to-day, and will come again in the millennia that lie in front. Our particular work at the time in this rare opportunity is to bring, to lighten the difficulties of the world, every help which we have gathered in our study, all the strength that we have found in our meditation, all the serenity and peace which come to those whose hearts, being fixed on the Eternal, no passing trouble nor storm can shake, their feet

firm as the Rock on which they are planted; in some ways perhaps that is to us as individuals one of the great blessings that the knowledge of the Divine Wisdom brings. It comes to us in the midst of storm; it enables us to keep our hearts serene, calm and happy, though there are flung around us storms of difficulty and pain. Then the pain that we have to face takes a kind of sweetness, inasmuch as we have learned that that pain is sacrifice for the world's helping, and that whatever we have to suffer, that suffering can be changed to power in the wondrous alchemy of Divine aim. In the midst of it we learn one of the mighty truths of the Higher Life: people who suffer in ignorance, they are in truth to be pitied, because they know not the cause nor the end of the pain they endure; but we, who know something of it and are learning more and more by it as the years go on, we are not objects of pity at all, but rather objects that should encourage all to learn the beauty of the great Law of Sacrifice, the mightiest and highest law of the spiritual world.

On the Path, everything can be a word to inspire us. In many a fable, in many a legend of the past, the myths of the world tell us of this great lesson, and if you are reading the folklore of many Nations, you will find how the one path to perfect service lay in the midst of pain and distress. You may learn how some great soul, struggling alone, found in that very solitude the reality of the Self. That is a truth which has often been read and talked about, but not yet are we able to realise that the one thing that makes life great and worthy is to find the hidden God who dwells within each one of us; that only to find Him is to clear away every obstacle which lies in the way of His manifestation; and that the swiftest way to clear away obstacles is to suffer a great deal of pain. Pain thus becomes clarified. It is a means to a splendid end, and while we should never forget that the end of suffering is Joy, we should also never forget that the very object of the world is to do away

with pain, so that it is not, as it were, to be deified in any mistaken sense. We are not to be swept away and fall into that old Puritan error, that to be unhappy gives greater pleasure to God than to be happy, for this is a profound mistake. It is contrary to the instinct which searches for happiness, which lies deep buried in the heart of every human being, as the voice of the hidden God dominates the real attitude of life. Hence we learn to be joyous in the inner life, even when the outer is troubled and full of distress, and we begin to realise that all these things with their changing aspects are, as the Hindū would tell us, illusory, *i.e.*, they are transitory, they do not last, they are not part of the Real Self, for that which changes is *not* the Self, but the sheaths into which we have introduced ourselves for the great purpose of spiritualising the world; it is these sheaths that suffer and feel the passing pleasures, the passing pains, the passing joys, and it is as we learn to lead the spiritual life that these all fall away from us, and we know indeed that inner serenity which is not spoken of as either pleasure or pain, but as *bliss*—that which is higher than pleasure and pain, as the Spirit is higher than the intellect, as the Life is higher than the form. It is the real secret of divine life—to grow so that pain and pleasure, like intellect and emotion, become the tools which we can use for service for the uplifting of all men to the higher and more blissful condition.

Now, in the ordinary course of the world's history, you and I and everybody else, we all have to walk along the path of evolution along which progress is not very rapid at first. It becomes more rapid as we ourselves grow more evolved, as the Spirit which is our true Self unfolds more and more of his power. As he more and more unfolds, progress becomes very much more rapid than in those long successions of centuries, and even millennia, that go to make up the ordinary course of history. We are moving onward, we are not marking

time; but although we go onward slowly, between two of these times of steady growth there is a comparatively short period quite different from these long periods of gradual evolution. It is sometimes said, but very mistakenly, that Nature makes no leaps; Nature makes very considerable leaps at times. She goes on steadily and quietly for long periods, and then seems to bound forward at a tremendous pace. The work of evolution is done by eruptions and by storms, by tremendous catastrophes and cataclysms, and the natural order of things is for the time apparently destroyed, because one form of order is passing away and another form of order is being born. These are the great transition times, the times which, if we spoke in our own Theosophical technical language, we should call the birth either of a new Root Race, or a new sub-race, as the case may be.

When a new Race is being born, the catastrophes are world-wide, immense seismic changes, the whole surface of the globe as to land or water altering, a continent disappearing, another rising, tremendous waves sweeping over the land and carrying away myriads of people, and so on. In the birth of a sub-race, the marks of it are far less evident, so far as the fabric of the world itself is concerned. Some of it may change. I remember some time ago, at a meeting of the British Association, the geological Section was very much concerned with these changes. The good people present discussed as to the fate of the world, and whether it was not likely before very long to be destroyed, for there were tremendous eruptions going on at the time in the bed of the Pacific Ocean. They spoke of the "earthquake ring," as it was called, far down in the bed of the ocean, constant eruptions so that islands were rising which were not to be found on any chart, causing great danger to mariners by their irregular and unaccountable appearance. In discussing this question they spoke about the possibility of immense

eruptions taking place, causing a tidal wave to sweep over America, and causing the destruction of the whole race. They did not know, as you know, that there was not the smallest danger of that. The work to be done will not be accomplished for very many hundreds of thousands of years to come. We are only in the Fifth Race after all, and two more races are to come: the Sixth Race is to come and the Seventh Race is to come. All this anxiety may be quite put on one side. It is perfectly true that there is a continent coming up there, but it will not come up in a night as immense masses of land. It is throwing up mountains, of which the tops appear as islands arising in the ocean, mountains gradually coming up by reason of great forces working in the earth, and slowly—very, very slowly—a new continent will arise, until the Pacific has become mostly land and very much of the present America has become water. These are the changes taking place, as they have taken place before. You know how Atlantis, that mighty continent, perished and became the bed of the Atlantic Ocean; how the previous continent of Lemuria vanished, leaving Australia and New Zealand with the marks of their difference from all the later countries which have been born since their day.

Looking at all these things, you were probably none of you disturbed by the fears of the scientific gentlemen. It has often been so before, but we took up our work again, and so we shall again without any particular effort for many lives to come. We are only face to face at present, not with the birth of a Root Race but with the birth of a sub-race, the sub-race that corresponds to the new unborn Root Race. That birth is taking place, as H. P. B. foreshadowed it. Though it was scarcely begun at that time, she talked a great deal about it. That sub-race needs great helping from the Manu, the Lord Vaivasvata Manu, who has to do with all questions of races, sub-races, and nations. For the development of the earth as a habitat for the new Race or

sub-race, as the case may be, He uses the way that He has very often used before in the history of the world when He wants to gather people together. But now, when it is again necessary, as it has been before—because of the changes which the world has undergone in the facility for communication everywhere, which makes it impossible for Him to take up the plan which He has already carried out more than five times during the last million years—He has had to find some new way when His new sub-race was to be born. He could not isolate it in the same way; He could not take it off and plant it down in the loneliest quarter of the globe. He had a not particularly successful beginning with His Root Race, the Fifth. First, He made a selection which failed, and later, when another was made, and had grown up a little, and might have seemed to be promising children, He swept them off several times by sending down upon them savage tribes from Central Asia, Tartary, etc. Naturally, it was only their bodies that were swept away. When bodies have come to the point that they are not quite good enough for the best in any Race, then a new type of body is wanted in order to build a new type of civilisation, to start a new and better development to prepare the way for the evolution of new qualities in the Race; and especially in the new Race, the obvious way is to take a number of the most useful specimens of the Race, strike away their bodies as rapidly as possible, and reincarnate them in bodies more suitable to their special evolution.

I do not know how many of you realise that was one great object of the War. When you saw immense numbers of young soldiers springing forward; when you noticed that it was the young who were killed off more than the old; when you found that it was the best boys of the family who were killed, although great numbers of young and old rushed forward to sacrifice everything; when you saw that the higher sections of society—I am talking of the wealthier section—that Oxford

and Cambridge almost emptied themselves into the armies, rushed forward (I am talking of the times before conscription); when you noticed that extraordinary incident in English history, the flower of the people offering themselves for the sake of a great Ideal, for the sake of that struggle for liberty in which they were killed; surely you were not swayed by outer opinions to think that so great, so National a sacrifice could in any sense be without a great spiritual purpose behind it. As one goes about England now, one meets every day fathers and mothers who have lost their sons, empty places in family circles where there used to be happiness and joy, and a looking forward to the future.

What had they really done, these young men? They were capable of answering to an ideal, to begin with. Highly educated or little educated, they were all alive to one great impulse, the impulse of sacrifice; not in order to gain land or money or anything else, but to defend liberty assailed. In the very glory of their youth they stopped to answer to that cry. When you watched how the scythe of death cut them down, and when you saw in the papers, as I saw in far-off India, the youthful faces of those who had died, the question was asked: "Where are the fathers of the coming generation?" The answer might have come to some of you, who had studied and thought and understood, the answer: "The Lord has need of them." It was the Manu who was calling them, for they are going to be, not the fathers of the coming generation, but the next generation themselves, coming back in the hundred and the thousand to build the new civilisation which they had made possible, the fine builders of the future who, in that one splendid act of sacrifice in the interest of freedom, prepared the way to it, so that the Human Spirit might unfold himself upwards in the future. They fought to destroy the remnants of a past age, to clear out of the path of the future the great obstacles that blocked the way, and in doing that at the cost of their



lives, they won the right to come back to tread the path they had cleared for all, and to take a leading part in the building of a new society which, in the midst of the turmoil and unrest of to-day, the clear-eyed may be able to see. And that is the real way in which you should look at the War—not as a killing but as a birthing, the being born to new work, the being snatched away from here to take part here in future work.

There is one thing which is very remarkable in the way of this work of the Higher Ones—those who would seem to you most opposed down here are akin in the higher world through that very spirit of sacrifice and passionate devotion to a loved ideal; for there were some among the young who did not throw themselves into the army, because they thought that to kill human beings was wrong: those whom you call the C.O.s, the Conscientious Objectors. They did not endure the bitter struggle in the trenches, but they suffered the terrible pain of the prison, treated as criminals who were really martyrs.

Now, I am not a pacifist: that is to say, I do not believe in the theory they hold; but admiration of martyrdom does not depend on agreement with opinion; it is admiration of the conscience which will not lie under any conditions, conscience which holds itself king in spite of the scoffs and jeers of a whole Nation. I met the other day a young man who had been four years in prison, and who had come out worn in body but strong in heart and soul, dedicating himself to the work of journalism to help to build up the New Order. Another pacifist I know, only a boy of seventeen, who thought it wrong to kill. He would not go into the army; he wanted to serve his country, but did not want to go into any position where he would set some one else free to kill; so he volunteered to go on a mine-sweeper and help to sweep the sea of mines—as dangerous and as deadly as serving in the trenches, but trying to save life instead of destroying it. All these different types are wanted. The recognised call to duty marked the

one ; conscience has been the stern voice in the other ; and there lies their worthiness to help in the building of the New World. These different qualities are all wanted. You "want all sorts to make a world," not only the sorts of whom you and I intellectually approve, and with whom you and I intellectually agree. You want qualities of every kind, so you get these very curious contradictions. They are all facets of the Divine Spirit, and they all have their places in the shaping of the New Order. The differences and the antagonisms will fade away as the work goes on, and as each man finds his own particular niche in the great World Order. And one thing that every one of you should strive after is that great virtue of tolerance. It is the rarest virtue in the world, I sometimes think.

Now, I do not mean by that that most people are intolerant ; and I do not mean by tolerance the attitude when people say : "Oh, one thing is as good as another. I do not mind what you do, what you think, what you say. You go your way and I mine" ; I do not mean the thing which we generally call tolerance, which means pity for the opinions of others, with your chin in the air and your general manner saying : "You are very good people, though you differ from me. I know what is right but you do not see it. I am sorry for you." *That* is not tolerance. Tolerance means that you recognise in each man or woman the Divine Spirit leading each in his own way, and not asking your advice as to which is the best way for the God in each one to manifest. He does not want other people to tell him how to think, what to do, how he should go. It means that we realise that the Divine Spirit in every man finds the way in which he desires to walk, in which he is trying to make his lower bodies, his lower vehicles, walk. He uses his own way and knows his own business. The attitude of each of us should be, not "*if* I can help you in anything," but *how*. "I am here, very glad to help, but you have exactly the

same right to choose your way as I have to choose mine. I do not want to dominate you. We have our own road, which is our road and nobody else's. If I can help you to tread it, so you can help me, and certainly then please help me if it happens to be my turn." But it must be to help the person in *his* way and not in yours, not to push your views, not even to express your ideas, but just as you might lend a hand to anyone in trouble, lend a hand without influencing his decision or trying to dominate; simply giving the hand of a comrade, as you happen to be walking together for the time. Tolerance means respect for the Spirit in another, not a desire to push him on, but to assist him in the way in which *he* wants to go, not a desire to help him to take one way, if he wants to go another.

There are sometimes left behind in ourselves certain weaknesses, which we have not had the opportunity of rooting out, or have not seized the opportunity when we had it. If we are to go forward rapidly, we need to get rid of these weaknesses. The way to get rid of them must lie along the path of our own experience. We have to become strong. Any person walking by outer rule and outer compulsion is walking along a particular road that has been made without his inner prompting. We all wish to do certain things which we know are not the right things to do. We must learn to transfer compulsion from without to the will to do right from within. You know how often people make the remark about some one: "How splendidly he is fighting against defects in his own nature, how inspiring that is," and so on. Yes, it is in a sense; but we do not as readily admire the person who is not striving because he has succeeded. We admire the struggle of the fighter, not the one who has left those things behind. We say: "Yes, it is very easy for him. He does not want to do anything but the highest." But that ease is the result of past struggles. He no longer wants these things; he has made

for himself a higher character, whereby strife is behind him in this particular respect, though it may be going on very bitterly in others. Strength in anything is not easily gained without that struggle. It is better to be strong enough to walk without struggling, though it is far more honourable to struggle than to live weakly without choice. You must take all these things into consideration. Though the person may be very good in some respects, he may not be very good in others, and if he is evolving very rapidly, the things he is not very good in he must watch. We have to go through many miry ways in order to get rid of these shackles which bind us to-day, for we shall not be reaching towards Divine Humanity until all these things are passed, until all these things, so mean, so unfair, so ungenerous, are repugnant to us, and we shall do right by habit. You hear people talk a great deal of nonsense about original sin. Persons, they say, are inherently bad; they are inherently good, not bad. It is the outer casing they have not yet learned to master that may blind their eyes, really blind themselves to their own possibilities. True strength is where the man has overcome defects, because nothing can shake the one who has triumphed. Now, we cannot expect to reach that stage until we reach the position of the liberated Spirit, the first of those Great Initiations after the four which we call "great" lie behind, the Initiation of the Greek, the Liberation of the Hindû, the Salvation of the Christian. I know "salvation" is used in a very much lower sense. People talk of salvation when they mean a quite different thing. Salvation is the personal triumph of the Spirit over death and the power of death, the personal triumph of Spirit over matter, when matter becomes its obedient servant, conquering the physical that we all have to learn to use. As you realise these things by living them, you can really learn to *know*.

You will find that at such a time as the present comes the time of greatest opportunities. You must learn not to regret

these wars and turmoil. What does it mean? It means the natural union of human beings for a fuller human life; it means the desire of those who have been deprived practically by social arrangements of their birthright, to come into their own and lead the higher life of men and women—not merely hands, but men and women—cultured, well-educated, and sharing all those refinements and graces of life which at present belong to a class and not to all. Side by side with that enhanced desire, there is necessarily at the present time a lack of all the feeling of responsibility to the community, as well as a lack of the recognition of the claim the whole has over the part. All these things are coming, and will come the more rapidly as all those who are now engaged in the terrible struggle for a livelihood—to which so many of our countrymen are born—are freed, and as others realise that it is their duty to spread all that they value among the mass of their fellow-countrymen and to help them to attain their human birthright, to enjoy leisure, to appreciate Art, to have a real culture, so that there may be a true comradeship between all human beings.

At Oxford, two days ago, a man used one phrase which was striking. He said: "I find that people are often willing to work with us, but they are not willing to be comrades," and really the whole thing came out in that single word. Now, you cannot create comradeship; it grows out of similarity of education, similarity of culture, similarity of refinement and gracious surroundings, so that there is sympathy in all the little things of life as well as in great causes for which human beings may be struggling. Comradeship is a feeling which ought to be extended to the Nation, and all our efforts in rebuilding the shattered social order ought to be turned in the direction of providing for every child who is born into the Nation the circumstances which will enable him to develop to the fullest every capacity which he brings into

the world. Some have those opportunities now, but the huge majority have not. The great mass of our countrymen are forced into one line or another by necessity, by the terrible need of earning at any cost a livelihood ; and that must be changed by the co-operation of the whole Nation, for it is a National fault and must be remedied by the National will. And so we want to spread the sense of responsibility everywhere, to make all feel that the National circle is a common circle to which we all belong, and that the law of the family should be the law of the State. The law of love should flow into the form of all outer laws, because where the tie of blood is absent the human tie remains. Naturally you recognise you do not need law in the family, because love is present among the members and each does what he can do best, because he knows what is most needed. I often quote a wise saying of Proudhon's, given very many years ago : "From every one according to his capacity, to every one according to his needs." We can spread that constantly, and generally in building desire it. We have to grow into it, to work for it, to recognise it as the ideal to be aimed at, and to strengthen every effort which goes in that direction, and to put aside all forces which work against that great ideal. We have to change in this changing from one sub-race to another. In the building of this new sub-race we have to remember that the old order is practically dying amongst us, and that the War was the natural apotheosis of the struggle of individual against individual, class against class, and the law of the stronger was the law that prevailed and the fate of the weak was to be crushed.

In the New Era into which we are entering, all should co-operate to help, not to combat, all endeavours to diminish inequalities, replacing competition by co-operation and war by arbitration. In this crisis you have all heard so much of arbitration between Nations, between employers and

employed, between warring classes. They are signs of the new spirit which is beginning to awaken, the spirit that seeks for harmony instead of for the use of force and compulsion. It is the beginning of the great change which will only be completed in the Sixth and Seventh Root Races, when the authority of the Inner God shall be the only authority necessary, when the outer compulsion of law will be unnecessary because every one will do what is right of his own nature. When an attempt is made suddenly to bring that about, as it was by Tolstoy, it is inevitably a failure. It is a matter of growth, not of sudden creation; we should see the ideal and strive towards it, for we are Theosophists, hold that up as the direction towards which we are moving. You can utilise your knowledge, apply that which you have learned in the study of the Divine Wisdom. Yours it is.

Before entering into any movement, ask yourselves: "Is it constructive?" If it is not constructive, keep out of it. Is its motive love? If you see hate as the motive, keep away from it. Does it turn towards Brotherhood, towards lessening inequalities, towards increasing a sense of responsibility? If it does, work for it; if it does not, leave it alone. This is the test which your knowledge should enable you to apply. Many things will be claiming your attention, many movements ask for help. Test them. Do they work forward, bringing construction for the future? Are they actuated by a desire to uphold, not to pull down, a desire to uplift all those who are on a lower level of society, not the desire to drag down to a common low level those who for the time may by their status be above them? Think how you can put your Theosophy into practice; then you can all be real helpers in gathering together materials to be built into the great new temple which stronger hands than ours will erect, that temple which wiser brains than ours will sketch out—the New Civilisation. We can see the marks of it; we can bring

these forward; we can help everything that embodies part of them, and so prepare the way for the great Architect, for the great Builder, who will soon be amongst us.

That work of preparation is your work and mine. Then get ready for the great building work, be gathering together all that is wanted for the use of the Architect and His Master Builders. That is our task to-day, and I know of no privilege greater, no power more precious to find in ourselves, than to be, as it were, the hod-carriers, to do the work unskilled labourers may do for that great Coming Advent, which the eyes of the younger amongst us will see, at least in its beginning. And in all your work in your Lodge and outside, keep your eyes on the young more than on the elders; see what they are starting; see what hopes are lifting them; see what aspirations are actuating them; for they are foreshadowing the future. Never mind if their schemes are crude or one-sided, or impracticable for the time, mistaken in their direction; for they are none the less the dreamers of the future. Encourage your young people. Try, if you will, to put in thoughts, to develop their ideas by words and suggestions; but do not discourage them, do not pour out ridicule; for they are sensitive, and without them your dreams can never be realised. The young people are dreaming to-day, what they and their children will realise to-morrow. As they go forward, we elders should wish them God-speed on the journey which we shall have rendered possible for them.

Annie Besant





## THE KARMA OF MONEY

By JUSTIN C. MACCARTIE

**BHĪSHMA**, in the Great Exhortation delivered on the field of Kurukshetra, says :

Complete poverty in this world is happiness. It is good regimen; it is the source of blessings; it is freedom from danger. This foeless path is unattainable (by the worldly) and is easily attained (by the spiritual). Casting my eyes on every part of the three worlds, I do not behold the person who is equal to a poor man of pure conduct and without attachment. I weighed poverty and sovereignty in a balance. Poverty weighed heavier than sovereignty and seemed to possess greater merit.

This, from the great *Mahābhārata*, is decisive and uncompromising teaching, and is in accordance with that of the Christ: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth . . . for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also . . . ye cannot serve God and Mammon . . . . Go, sell that thou hast and give to the poor," etc.; and also with the teachings of all the great religions. Yet it can safely be said that it receives little or no attention from men in general, whose whole lives are passed in doing the exact opposite—not alone worldly men, but those "who profess and call themselves Christians" and (*ehou!*) Theosophists.

It would seem that love of wealth is one of the most difficult attachments to get rid of, and we find many a man who has freed himself from the chains of lust, anger and cruelty, still a slave to greed. He probably would deny this, and state that he was merely striving to lift himself, and those dependent on him, a little above the struggling mass of humanity; but as a matter of fact he is held fast by the wealth-lust,

and so is "far from yoga" and the path to freedom. Vain are all his efforts to attain union with the Self, or even secure "that peace which the world cannot give," for "the self of matter and the self of Spirit can never meet," and the foeless path is unattainable so long as a single attachment to the material remains. Possibly the explanation is that the attachment is less obvious, more subtle, than the coarser vices, and so many a man deludes himself into the belief that he is serving God when he is really serving Mammon. A little reflection would show him that he cannot possibly be of the higher worlds till he has divested himself of all things pertaining to the lower. To use a clumsy simile, a man would not from choice cumber himself with heavy boots and clothes when starting out to swim a river.

Money is material—of the earth, earthy. It purchases only material things—food, dress, furniture, houses, and the like. Intellect, love, peace, happiness—all the enduring qualities and feelings—are completely beyond its power. So found Manki, whose song, adapted from the *Mahābhārata*, runs :

He that desires happiness must renounce desire. Well said Shuka that of these two—the one who gets all that he wishes, and the one who casts off every wish—the latter, who renounces all, is surely much superior to the former, for none can ever attain to the end of all desires. Do thou, oh my soul, so long a slave to greed, taste now for once the joys of freedom and tranquillity. Long have I slept, but I shall sleep no longer. I shall wake. No more shalt thou deceive me, oh desire! Whatever object thou settest thy heart upon, thou did force me to follow it, heedless and never pausing to enquire if it was easy or impossible to gain. Thou art without intelligence. Thou art a fool. Ever unsatisfied, thou burnest like a fire, always lambent for more offering. Thou art impossible to fill, like space itself. Thy one wish is to plunge me into sorrow. This day we part: from this day I can no more live in thy company. I think no more of thee and thy train. I cast thee off with all the passions of my heart. I, who was harrassed with despair before, have now attained to perfect peace of mind. In full contentment of the heart, senses at ease, shall I live henceforth on what I can get, and labour not again for satisfaction of thy wishes, my foe. Casting thee off and all thy train, I gain at once, instead, tranquillity and self-restraint, forgiveness and compassion and deliverance.

Free stood Manki when he had made his renunciation of wealth, but few are there like him. Sisyphus-like, the bulk of humanity toils ceaselessly to accumulate the hoard which keeps it submerged in the sea of matter for life after life. The faith that with renunciation there would come sufficient means for all reasonable needs, is lacking. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," is a text not accepted. Now, that faith is absolutely necessary, or a man will never renounce, but will go on, attached to the wheel of life, for all time. In some life the faith must come. Why not in this one? The Scheme is perfect; absolute Justice prevails; assuredly, then, he who renounces in order to serve humanity will not suffer, will on the contrary find that he has gained the substance and renounced the shadow. Vain and useless is it to think of the Path and the truly spiritual life, while the affections are still fixed on the things of the material world. Money accumulated will prove a curse. "The dross of wealth is hoarding."<sup>1</sup>

Money is an occult force. No man can permanently possess it. It remains when he dies. It is created or earned by the labours of countless men; it represents the fruit of the labour of many, and should be used to benefit the many. Hoarded, it is taken away from the many, and he who attempts to divert natural forces to selfish ends is certain to suffer.

It is impossible for anyone, except perhaps a Master or very advanced occultist, to state the karma of money in plain terms; but one or two broad facts stand out plainly. Firstly, the very wealthy rarely have large families. Presumably it is best for children to be brought up simply and plainly. Secondly, wealth isolates its owners from their fellows to a considerable extent. Ceaseless demands for help are made on the wealthy, and they must refuse or they would cease to

<sup>1</sup> *Mahābhārata*.

be wealthy. Refusals cause estrangements, and in the end the rich man finds he has few real friends. In a world of need, the possession of wealth postulates hardness of heart.

Thirdly, wealth erects a barrier between its owners and the general public. If the latter are above need, they yet are oppressed and estranged by the trappings of wealth which they cannot and do not desire to emulate. We go to the simple home of our poor friend with much greater pleasure than to the mansion of the magnate.

Fourthly, wealth frequently leads to physical degeneration. Over-rich foods and luxurious habits sap the virility of the most robust, and extreme poverty scarcely equals wealth as a cause of physical deterioration.

Fifthly, moral and spiritual growth seem to be completely checked by wealth, for: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." I have in mind the case of a man of great activity and force of character, who in his young days was an altruist, a bold upholder of the principle of a fair deal for the other man, and an eager follower of one of the newer forms of religious thought. He became wealthy, and from that day to the time of his death he sounded out no note that could be recognised by those who turn from the material, though the world applauded.

Those who observe closely can no doubt distinguish many other lives along which the karma of wealth works in the case of individuals, but here I will give an example of its working in the case of a nation—or what I imagine to be an example.

Australia, in the middle of the last century, took up the policy of "borrowing for reproductive works"; which was apparently legitimate enough, as a new country could hardly be expected to retrograde in material civilisation, and could not develop its resources without capital. Presently the

money, so easily obtained, was not spent on reproductive works, but was to some considerable extent spent in city works. This led to a flow of population from the country to the city—the very last thing desirable in a young country—and, furthermore, the spending of large sums of borrowed money caused a large influx of the labouring element; so that now Australia is suffering from centralisation of the population in cities, where they produce nothing, and from an overplus of labour voters, who sway the political power of the country in directions which many think hazardous. Australia did not earn the money. She borrowed it, and created a forced civilisation, which is in many respects undesirable. She has highly developed, luxurious cities before she has got her forests felled, and is legislating on labour questions when she should be developing her natural industries. Borrowing in a new country defeats the restoration of the simple, strenuous life which is constantly necessary in order to preserve the virility of the race. In old civilisations where everything is done—roads made, streams bridged, cities built, land cleared—men become effete and spineless, like the Romans of the late Empire. Nations that conquer the wilderness by slow degrees, like the Goths, endure for thousands of years. Money hastens civilisation. Hence the danger of borrowing, as in the case of Australia.

Money is certainly a great power in human affairs; and, as such, is a natural force, an instrument of the Logos—very beneficial if rightly used, very dangerous if wrongly applied, and kârmic in proportion to its potency.

Justin C. MacCartie

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## TRANSFIGURATION

I CLUNG to life, I clutched the form,  
When came the call to go ;  
The body shrank from pain, the soul  
Cried out : " I do not *know*."

In agony upon the Mount  
I rent the veil in twain ;  
No olden prophets walked with me  
But comrades lately slain :

Men who had fought to free the world,  
Slain on a field of red.  
They live on there as they lived here  
And sing : " There are no dead."

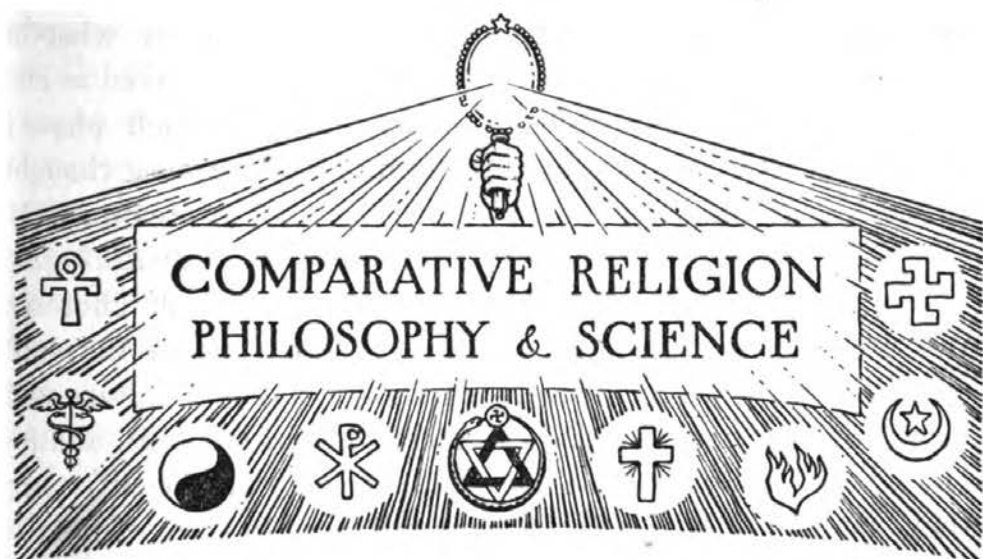
There lies my way o'er rock and thorn—  
The path my brothers trod ;  
There stands my cross of sacrifice  
In the pure white light of God.

Henceforth I live to serve the race,  
And Kings of the Dark Face fight ;  
Henceforth all powers of mind and heart  
I dedicate to Right.

Raise, then, the cross of sacrifice  
Beneath the flag unfurled ;  
Place on my brow the crown of thorns ;  
I go to help the world !

J. HENRY ORME

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## IBSEN'S "WHEN WE DEAD AWAKEN"

By ISABELLE M. PAGAN

IN bygone days, when there was more leisure than most of us can come by now, it was customary to keep a diary ; sometimes introspective and analytical, sometimes the merest jottings of events—generally compiled on quiet evenings, and sometimes very regularly once a week, on Sundays ; and some of these, at least, were written *backwards*, so to speak ; that is, beginning with the summary of Saturday, and working back to the preceding Sunday afternoon. There is much to be said for the system. A week—or a life—is more easily summed up when it is over ; for the last achievement sometimes gives the clue to what has gone before ; and in the following studies of Ibsen's work I shall adopt it ; the rather that in conversation with his friends—even the more intimate among them—he steadily refused to annotate or clarify anything he had written in his plays, yet not infrequently gave us a hint

of explanation of what puzzled them, by something introduced into a later work. He is therefore his own commentator, and we can judge best of what he set out to do, by what he actually did. Like all great writers who have lived as long as he did, he passed through many phases. Each phase is worth our study in its turn, but to many of the most thoughtful of his students his latest phase is the most interesting of all.

The last words breathed by Ibsen were: "*My dear, good, sweet wife*"—a tribute to the devotion of Susannah Thoresen, the woman he had wed for love in the days of his early struggles as a comparatively unknown poet. She was with him through many vicissitudes, constant in her faith and her endurance, however hard the times, through all the fifty years they spent together; and she nursed him to the end of the five long years of invalidism, when memory was fitful and the strong brain clouded over.

A paradox, surely, at once! For to many people the name of Ibsen is chiefly suggestive of an extremely unorthodox and unconventional person, who flouted the respectabilities of life, and especially rebelled against current and accepted customs concerning marriage. Yet—think it over! It is often those best qualified to understand what married loyalty can be, to whom the thought of people bound in loveless or even in uncomprehending wedlock is intolerable. The cruelty of a compulsory fidelity to one for whom the partner can no longer feel the slightest remnant of respect, for whom it is a moral torture and a physical danger to associate in such a bond, would naturally call forth from them the most emphatic denunciations. Where love survives, forgiveness will be found; but forced forgiveness is a contradiction in terms; and where affection and respect, and even tolerance, have died away, let us abolish slavery! Even the Christ himself, setting the noble standard of one mate, and loyalty till death, for the Aryan races to whom his teaching has chiefly come, softened



the severity of his teaching by telling those who were to spread his doctrine that, though it was the standard set for them, *all men cannot receive it, but only those to whom it is given.*<sup>1</sup> No; *all men cannot receive it*—nor all women either—even as an ideal; certainly not the younger souls among us, our degenerates, of whom we have, alas! so many; nor the wild, savage tribes, still at the stage of primitive warfare. But for higher types to feel a sympathetic understanding for a different stage of evolution, and a profound compassion for the man or woman tied to a drunken, degraded or utterly incompatible mate, is quite consistent with a personal preference for monogamy.

The last play Ibsen wrote dealt with this question in a quite unusual way, and from quite an exceptional point of view; and although its title, *Our Awakening from the Dead*,<sup>2</sup> surely suggests that point of view at once, especially to those familiar with the final phrases of his greatest tragedy,<sup>3</sup> most readers, even among his learned critics, seem to miss it altogether. To Ibsen, as to St. Paul, and to many other great souls, the illusory life here on earth is not actual life as they conceive it. The passionate cry for deliverance from "this body of death" is a yearning for the freedom of the higher planes and the wider consciousness, for an entrance into the world of reality; and, in *Our Awakening from the Dead*, the action passes altogether, to quote the phrases used by the characters themselves, *across the border and on the other side*; or, more literally still, *on the side beyond*. Those who have not studied Ibsen deeply enough to get over the widespread

<sup>1</sup> *Matthew, xix, 11.*

<sup>2</sup> More literally, *When We Dead Awaken*; under which title Mr. Archer's translation is published; so that I have had to adopt the above for mine—not yet published—owing to copyright restrictions still in force. His is done from the point of view of one who reads the play entirely as an account of certain very unconventional people abandoning conventional morality; and wherever there are possible shades of double meaning, that makes a slight difference; e.g., *crossing the frontier* is not the same as *crossing the border*, etc.

<sup>3</sup> *Emperor and Galilean.*

delusion that he was a confirmed atheist, with no belief whatever in the unseen world, very naturally find it difficult to accept this clue to the piece. Ignoring the title, and the phrases that supplement it—which are introduced in such a way that they may *generally* be read as referring merely to a summer holiday—such readers puzzle their heads in vain over the dialogue; and even an appreciative critic like Mr. Bernard Shaw, who gives an excellent digest of the previous events in the lives of the various characters, seems blind to all that is most significant in the actual drama. What is most sorrowful of all, scarcely a manager can be found to risk producing it, as a result of this misconception; for actions suitable and even inevitable in astral conditions, are not necessarily in harmony with what is customary and convenient here. It is only when quite frankly rendered as a drama of the after-life, that this play is worth producing at all; and when rendered so, it will probably be found much more illuminating and congenial to the public than the majority of his plays have proved so far. Now that the Spiritualists have done so much to quicken an intelligent comprehension of the conditions likely to await average humanity on passing over—in place of the old ideal of the future life as a state in which we are to spend an eternity in what some shivery mortal described as *sitting on a damp cloud, singing hymns*—the descriptions of the early stages given by Ibsen in the First Act are easily recognisable, and quite in keeping with the findings of such of our Theosophical leaders as are qualified for psychical exploration.

When the curtain rises we are introduced to Arnold Rubek, an elderly, successful sculptor, and his butterfly little wife, Maya,<sup>1</sup> a rather ill-assorted pair, who find themselves in one of those homes of rest and healing of which we have recently had so many accounts, chiefly in connection with the early

<sup>1</sup> Or Maia, pronounced Mahya.

astral experiences of those suddenly slain in battle, or dying in some way involving shock. The Rubeks can remember the railway journey which led them there, and indirectly we gather that there was an accident; but there is no talk of wounds or pain, so that death must have been instantaneous for both. They recall together how the train had stopped unexpectedly and unnecessarily at some small wayside station. No traveller got out, and none got in. Two officials on the platform talked in lowered tones, and the sleepy travellers were wondering what the talk was all about, and why they had drawn up at such a place—and then the same experience was repeated, and repeated, and repeated! Always the sudden stoppings of the train, and the low-toned conversation of the two officials in the darkness; and then again, and yet again, the same impression!

All who have been badly injured in a motor smash, or knocked senseless in a railway collision, will recognise that curious mill-wheel repetition of the stages leading up to it, that makes a sort of nightmare accompaniment to the gradual return of consciousness. At first the Rubeks fail to realise exactly what has happened. A health resort had been their destination, and they have found what they expected—with a difference. The place has changed, says Maya, and the people too; and Rubek notes that all their wishes are instantly carried out—a thing somewhat unusual, even at the best hotels! They have everything that they had planned to have—rest and refreshment, newspapers to amuse them, even a champagne lunch! But, as in the classic instance of poor Tantalus, and the more recent cases, described by *Raymond*, of the men who demanded whiskey and cigars on their arrival in the unseen world, they find no satisfaction in such physical delights. They are only dream consolations in a land of dreams, brought by a wish into a dream environment, including waiters and all the rest of the setting that the wish involved, but with no

more substance in them than the "phlizz" of flowers in the fairy-tale by Lewis Carroll.<sup>1</sup>

"Why are things all so different?" queries Maya; and then, prompted by her husband, she slowly realises that "the change is in herself". Next, they review their life together in the past, each owning it had been a disappointment. This talk is the beginning of a frank and open dealing with each other, that has found no place during their earthly life—barely civil at first, in its Northern truthfulness, but ending without bitterness, though carrying them far apart. It is quite extraordinary how much is told in their few conversations of the history of these two lives, and of the circumstances that had pushed them into marriage. Maya's home was poor, her outlook limited; she longed for gaiety and travel and excitement. Rubek had lost his early love through a misunderstanding, and had lived for years alone, just drudging at the art, which, while she was with him, had been such a joy. His craftsmanship had bettered, and his fame increased—but his inspiration had died out; and sick of striving, looking for distraction, he had met the little Maya—bright and vivacious, though all ignorant of Art—no helpmeet, but a pretty toy. Then they had married, and become a rather humdrum couple; mismated, like so many others, but loyally making the best of it.

"*Till death us do part*," is the wedding vow; but, queries Ibsen the artist, *How if death did not part them?* What then? Are they to make their heaven a hell by prolonging the uncongenial partnership right through the after-life?—and if they do, where has their heaven gone? What a fascinating problem for a psychological dramatist to tackle, and how natural for Ibsen at that stage in his career!

He calls this play an Epilogue—the same phrase used by him about the after-death scenes in *Peer Gynt*; and though

<sup>1</sup> *Sylvia and Bruno*.

it is the shortest of his dramas, he took two years to write it. With ebbing strength—for he had passed the three score years and ten—he penned the lines, slowly and patiently, his forward gaze fixed now on "the Great Adventure of Death," as Carpenter so beautifully calls it. All great poets have dwelt upon the theme: Homer, and Virgil, and Dante—aye, and Shakespeare too, in that last allegory of *The Tempest*! They found much beauty in it—so did Ibsen; but his followers have failed to understand. Some of them were shocked beyond all measure, and took refuge in the theory that the great brain was breaking and the judgment gone *before* the drama was begun; others—rebels all—hailed it with satisfaction. *Free love for ever!* was their cry. *Follow your impulses! Change partners where and when you please!* That way madness lies, as Ibsen clearly showed us in his gloomy play of *Ghosts*.<sup>1</sup>

But rightly read, no syllable of this poetic drama can encourage or applaud inconstancy. Take it as dealing with the after-life, and every detail of its action and its setting falls into line with religious beliefs held and declared in all ages, all the world over. At the first stage, rest after toil and travel; then the happy hunting-grounds for some, or the fair realm of paradise—the summer-land of the Spiritualists and of the early Tuscan painters, the pleasant meadows of Plato or of Scandinavian lore. There is a river whose bright streams make glad the weary. Above it and beyond, shine the high mountain peaks with their eternal snows—those shining snows that sometimes bring their silence down to lower levels. Ibsen makes three of his best plays end in descending snow. Perhaps to his Northern poet-mind that was the symbol of *the Peace that passeth understanding*.

But the snow only comes at the very end; and in the meantime, critics may protest, what of this odd beginning? A

<sup>1</sup> Not a good title for the play. *The Spectre of the Past* would give a closer rendering of the Norse, and tune the audience better for the theme. "Ghosts indeed!" exclaimed a wrathful playgoer. "I never saw a single ghost the whole way through!"

big hotel upon "the other side of death"? Why not? For in our *Father's house are many mansions*; and the word translated there as meaning mansions is, in the Greek, actually the word for wayside inns—dak-bungalows, or something of the sort! And as, at places of that kind, all sorts of travellers congregate, the Rubeks do not find themselves alone—nor always in congenial company. The usual way these travellers arrive is by the sea, we gather; so the old metaphor still serves for them—wide waters to be crossed, and in a "ship"—ever the symbol of the Church, since days when it was painted on the tombs within the catacombs, as Ibsen, versed in Roman art, well knew.

The Rubeks, heretics from a Bohemian and artistic circle, have come *upwards by the train*; and the next arrival on the stage, Ulfheim by name, a rough-tongued country laird, *sails his own cutter*, as he tells us—*without once catching sight of any steamer*. *No such honour and glory for me!* is his sarcastic comment! He shuns his fellow men and feels contemptuous of women—lives in heart-loneliness, but for the dogs he turns to, glorious comrades of the chase who naturally share his hunting heaven along with him! He knows the region well already; has had his moments on the mountain even, in his former summer holidays; but the heights beyond the snow line are too perilous for him, and the hunt of bears and other joys are better followed on the wooded slopes below. A tremendous fellow this, for little Maya to encounter! So astonishing!—a man who tells hair-raising stories of adventure, and can swear, and laugh huge, hearty laughs, and pay her pretty compliments as well—such a contrast to the earnest-minded sculptor, wrapped up in his art, with whom her pilgrimage on earth had proved so dreary! So she asks the latter eagerly if she may go with Ulfheim—go and see the dogs and the wild forest, and experience the glad, free life of the hunting-grounds and the glory of the mountain. And of course her bored companion gives

assent!—astonished at her taste, for he has all an artist's vanity, but very much relieved that she should realise that they are absolutely *free*, as now indeed they are.

*In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.* So spoke the Christ, when asked to whom a woman would belong if she had passed, when widowed, to successive mates on earth. Sex problems have no place up in these realms—thank goodness! But still, *true marriages are made in heaven*, it is said. Perhaps they are—arranged upon some higher plane at any rate, when, stripped of the veil of flesh, affinities can find each other far more easily. Even little Maya, not distinguished for much quickness of perception when on earth, can read the thoughts of those around her now—says she sees quite clearly what her husband thinks about, especially when he dreams about his former love. The hunter's wild, impetuous wooing, full of fire and "go," is naturally a heavenly joy for Maya—one that she had missed and longed for in her life on earth; and Ulfheim's own felicity is heightened by her petulance and sudden change of mood. What sportsman wants an easy victory? So these two fight and squabble even at the very furthest heights they reach! Then, in more gentle mood, they tell each other of the disappointments of their former life; and warned by past experience, resolve to try together to make something better and more honest of such partnership in future. So she gives herself *into her comrade's keeping*, and these two go wandering downwards once again—by the same strange *way of death* that led them to the heights; for birth and death are much alike when seen from different sides. How will they meet on earth again, one wonders? In some childish friendship first, all full of April showers and sudden sunshine? They seem such children, both! But they will *know* each other with swift intuition anyhow; and he will love her all the more because, in spite of her coquettish ways, she will not fail in loyalty, like the *light love* he took

to wife before. And she will sigh at times over his lawless ways, and then, with some dim latent memory waking, add that at any rate *he's never dull*; nor will he dwell mentally in far-off realms of cloud and mist, where she cannot hope to follow!

Meanwhile to Rubek, left alone, have come fresh experiences—new lessons learnt through meeting once again the long-lost love, Irene, the girl friend who had posed for his ideal statue. Her help and sympathy had won him fame; and when she left him, all his finer inspirations left him too. In those old days when first they met, he had been dreaming of a spiritual subject—the very subject Ibsen gives us here, in this drama of *Our Awakening from the Dead*; and when they speak of what they used to do “upon the other side,” the sculptor-hero, giving us the key-note of the play itself, dreamily describes his feelings at the time, as follows:

I was bent [then] on creating an image of purest womanhood—of woman as I saw her at the moment of her waking on the Resurrection Morn. Not bewildered by anything new and unfamiliar and unexpected; but full of divine joy at finding herself once more—her own self, the daughter of earth—unchanged—in the realms above—realms more free and joyous—after the long sleep of death.

And that, it should be noted, is exactly how the characters in this strange Epilogue are set before us; unchanged, more free, and growing gradually more joyous; and the chief thing that the poet seems to emphasise is that *they must awake*. An easy thing for Maya, as she joyfully proclaims. Her Northern words are hard to render into English, because, though current coin of daily speech, they yet suggest, in the original, the biblical expression for *judging* on the Judgment Day. “How divinely lightly we are sentenced—just to waken!” is a possible version of her exclamation; and it may be that the poet’s thought is of the divine clemency, and the way in which it deals with all of us.

For Rubek, who has lived much longer, and has blundered worse, it is a harder task—this waking up to all that he has



done; and poor Irene finds the process harder yet. Her storm-tossed soul has wandered far and wide, vainly seeking to fill the void within her heart caused by the misconception that had parted them; and she is further handicapped by the materialistic point of view she had arrived at ere she died. Rejecting the Church teaching, which yet in its gloomier aspect still oppresses her, she had learnt to think of her own death as just an ending to all life and light and happiness—a coffin and a winding-sheet, the loneliness and silence of the tomb; and this delusion binds her soul to such an extent that, when she first appears before us, pacing slowly past the Rubeks in the garden, her hands are crossed upon her breast, and her eyes are closed, while her clinging garments, soft and white, fall round her like a shroud. And the shadow of the dismal teaching she disliked so much, and yet had half accepted, follows after her, personified by her attendant all in black, dressed like a deaconess and carrying the cross—a hint that Ibsen criticised the Church for tolerating such a dreary teaching as is found in certain hymns,<sup>1</sup> making the inevitable parting hideous here below, and even driving some poor souls insane. In recent books about the life beyond,<sup>2</sup> this doctrine of the heavy sleep that holds all those who, while on earth, turned from the belief in the after-life, is also to be found; and Ibsen may have taken it from Dante, in whose *Inferno* the unbelievers are all buried in dark tombs, much like the one described by poor Irene. It is Rubek, with his faith in *Resurrection*, whose task it is to teach her the great fact that she is very far from dead in any real sense—that love and life and onward progress still are hers and his. Then, after talking over all the blunders of the past—a past in which his deep absorption in his art had somehow hindered him from speaking of his love—they both pass onwards,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ibsen's protest in *Brand*.

<sup>2</sup> *Letters from a Living Dead Man*, by Elsa Barker.

through a second death, leaving the lower mental realms behind, and climbing above the snow-line to the peace beyond, where the dark shadow which has haunted Irene can never follow—ceases at last to be a shadow even, but comes into the snow-clad scene, holding the cross aloft and speaking words of peace. The Church *is* sometimes inconsistent, and long after heretics she has been hard upon have past away, will give them tardy words of kindly praise and reconciliation!

A very wonderful achievement, this brief drama! A *tour de force* few could have dreamt of, even in their prime! And the more we think about the characters, the more our interest and compassion grow. We criticise them, naturally—they are so human in their failures!—but Ibsen makes us understand them all. The primitive young hunter, with his pose of heartlessness; hiding the pain of disillusionment at first, but winning Maya in the end by reference to his sorrow o'er the worthless wife he once had loved and trusted. Maya, once so eager to be thrilled by mere excitement, awakening to the voice of genuine love at last. Irene, proud and passionate, cut to the heart by Arnold's thoughtless reference to her loving help in his great work, as just *an episode*; not pausing to consider that although an artist is supreme in marble, it does not follow he can find the fitting word to say. Many will feel impatient over the story she recalls of her own sudden flight, leaving no trace; still more impatient over her subsequent plunge into successive mad flirtations with a set of men for whom she did not care a straw. Yet is not such conduct what we very often do find—both among men and women—after the shock of unrequited love? Irene thought the man she could have died for needed her no more—imagined he had coolly told her so—a crushing blow!—and being driven to earn her bread somehow, continued posing—in theatres and music-halls!—where her great beauty, seen behind the foot-lights, sent many wellnigh crazy, bringing them about her,

eager rivals for her hand. And so she played with them, in a cold, scornful wonder at their folly; and married by and by, first one, and then another, and spent their wealth and lived a reckless sort of life, wearing herself and them out, mind and body, just striving to forget and fill the time; until delirium or madness came, and she passed over, still nursing all her unhealed astral scars, to meet the mate she had lost through her own folly, and to teach, and learn, and find true peace at last.

How is it that the author's presentation of his lofty standards of stern self-control, taught by the failures and unhappiness of very varied characters, is missed by so many of his readers? Ibsen shows the lesson everywhere—in this play as in *Ghosts*, though much more hopefully. Irene learns it, in her self-reproach, yet gives a just rebuke to Arnold for his self-absorption in the past; and in spite of her delusions and obsessions, and her sudden, strange relapses into crazy fancies, the bulk of what she says is very clear. Note how she speaks of these old days of happy work together:

With every throbbing heart-beat, with my whole youth I served you!—and you—you—you!—You never actually *touched me*, Arnold. If you had, I think I should have killed you on the spot. [But I?] I gave you something none should ever part with—gave you my very soul—and then I stood before you soulless. It was that I died of, Arnold.

Manlike, he finds it hard to grasp that he had taken more from her than was allowable. It was for Art!—for his professional career!—he had even found it hard to ask so little! How had he done her wrong? Persuading her to break conventions outwardly, and pose to him undraped for his great statue, thus estranging her from all her friends and relatives—for Irene did not belong to the Bohemian set that would receive an artist's model anywhere—Rubek had felt impelled to show her special reverence and respect. His troubled protest is quite natural:

*Arnold.* I never wronged you—never once Irene!

*Irene.* Ah, yes you did! You wronged the innate innermost part of me—you who could take a warm-blooded young creature, pulsating with life, and grind the very soul out of her, because you

needed her to make a work of art. *First* the work of art, and then the child of man!

*I* was a human being at that time. I too had a life to live, and a human destiny to fulfil. Can't you realise that I renounced all that? Oh! it was suicide! The guilt of my death lies at my own door—a guilt for which no penance can atone.

A purgatory this, for the poor sculptor too! Yet truly, *from him to whom much is given, much shall be required*. He had lived upon a pinnacle of self-restraint that many men and women can only marvel at as something far away; at any rate he had reached these heights as far as her fair body was concerned; for though she was the woman whom at heart he really loved—and with a certain element of physical passion too—he yet had held aloof, partly from chivalry of thought, but also from devotion to his art. He revered her beauty as indeed the temple of the living God, as a true artist can; but all the while he had forgotten the natural heart-hunger of her soul within—the longing for response that she, bereft of all her kindred, well might feel; and though she, in her pride, had asked for nothing from him, she had trusted that this comradeship in work would blossom from fair friendship into lifelong love. Ibsen is quite relentless in his picture—spares him nothing. Such a man *could* realise what he had done—and therefore needs must do so.

“You feel that it was all my fault?” he asks Irene wistfully, noting the ghastly changes time has wrought in her—the morbid fancies and delusions that recur, in spite of all that he can say. And when her words are wildest he likens her to a harp with broken strings; on which she answers him that that is always so when a warm-blooded woman “dies” as she has done. Most earnestly he combats her obsession:

Oh, Irene! Do get rid of that point of view! It's leading you so utterly astray. For you're alive—alive—*alive*!

And even when she comes to realise the fact, she clings to the old pain, as people will.

*I have been dead, this many and many a year. They came and bound me—lowered me down into a vault. Now, I'm beginning to rise again from the dead.*

And later on she adds that though she *has risen*, she is *not yet glorified*.

These extracts have been telescoped together, because the artist scatters them in the drama, and many readers, intent on the more playful passages, may miss them. The process of such healing is a slow one, and the author makes us feel the long endurance of poor Arnold, as he strives to help Irene on. At times he scarce can look her in the face, so deep is his remorse. Yet from the average standard of quite decent living, his had been a blameless life. The retribution for the careless mood—that in which he had called that wondrous summer just “an episode,” seems to us too severe. But Ibsen did not think so. He seems to say no artist worth the name should blunder so—because he *ought* to understand better than most. It is a curious answer to Bernard Shaw’s assertion that an artist is naturally the man most guilty of such egotism, that artists *all* will see a thousand women wither, *if the sacrifice of them will enable them to paint a finer picture, write a deeper poem, a greater play, a profounder philosophy*. Ibsen realises that less gifted men, who turn to women chiefly for their food and clothes and other physical needs, can neither call out quite so much reponse, nor wound so deeply, throwing love away. To inspire a soul’s devotion means responsibility; and to accept it by allowing so much loving service as was calmly taken in this case, deprives one of the right to throw it back.

The pain of the great blunder is increased for Irene when she awakens to her own love of little children. She had not cared to mother the offspring of those wealthy mates of hers when on earth, but there are so many of those happy little creatures in this happy valley of the Second Act! And as she *wakes*, she comes into contact with them. We see them rush to meet her when she passes, and note her gentle ways; while Arnold sits, the student artist still, noting the grace of their free movements, even in the wildest of their play. Maya rebukes him for it. Like many women

whose ideal of bliss is largely a prolonged and passionate wooing, she has no interest in children, finding them noisy and troublesome interrupters of all she cares about. As has been well said, such women rise to their task when actual motherhood comes, by "enlarging the borders of their selfishness so as to include their own progeny"; for the children of others they cannot find affection. But Irene has outgrown that stage, and after meeting with those radiantly happy little creatures, owns her own greatest failure in the life just past. She who had been twice married, never bore a child; never gave healthy motherhood a chance; had *killed them all*, as she sorrowfully puts it, *long before they came to birth*. Seen from "the other side," that is what limitation of the family means. Now she knows that Motherhood had been her calling; she should have borne real living children, not just helped the production of dead works of art. Ibsen makes Solness, in another play, say something like this, when referring to the sorrow of his childless wife. Surely, he tells us, the art of building up a splendid race—working at child welfare in all its forms—is just the finest art of all!

Are people such as Rubek and Irene ready for Nirvana? The student of Theosophy would say—*not yet*. Ibsen makes them discuss the question of returning to the realms below, and Arnold feels—rightly—that there he might expiate the errors of the past. Irene cannot face it—does not even want that kind of love and happiness any longer—and Ibsen seems to think that now that they understand, they both may pass to other, higher realms. Perhaps he felt somewhat as Browning did concerning reincarnation—"that fancy some lean to and others hate"—when the latter wrote lines:

Yet I hardly know. When a soul has seen  
By the means of Evil that Good is best,  
And, through earth and its noise, what is heaven's serene—  
When our faith in the same has stood the test—  
Why, the child grown man, you burn the rod,  
The uses of labour are surely done;  
There remaineth a rest for the people of God:  
And I have had troubles enough, for one.

Anyhow the end apparently comes here. The avalanche descends, sweeping away the bodies now transcended, and over everything is spread a shining sheet of snow.

Rubek the Sculptor stands for Ibsen—so the critics say. With reservations—for no poet puts his whole self into one character—they are justified in their conclusion. The masterpiece that Ibsen wrote for us, the drama that *he* called his masterpiece, was *Emperor and Galilean*—a religious play, in which a heroine of wondrous grace and beauty, of clear brain, strong character and deep devotion, is announced; a heroine connected with a prophecy that Julian, the hero of the play, was to succeed where others failed, because to him as helpmeet should be given a woman without a flaw—stainless, immaculate. The word used to describe her in Norwegian is *rene*—the German *reine*, used about *Parsifal*, and there translated *guileless*, as a rule; but it carries all these other meanings too. We know the first design for that great play was modified. Planned while in Rome, but carried out in Germany in an environment and atmosphere sadly broken by the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, its general scope was altered, and in the second half Julian is somewhat different from what he was in the first—more than is quite consistent.

The *guileless girl* who is the heroine, prophesied in Part I, only enters near the end of Part II. We see her as a saintly Florence Nightingale, nursing the Roman soldiers on the battle-field, her gentle teaching winning them to Christ. It is she who closes Julian's eyes after that matchless dying scene, and speaks these words of hope about the Coming of the Christ, and of how only He can truly judge the living who are dead, and the dead who are alive. Long as the great tragedy is, we wish we had seen more of her, for the feminine element is lacking in too many scenes; and if Arnold Rubek really speaks for Ibsen in this farewell play, we gather from his sculptor-talk about his own masterpiece, and his regrets for having spoiled it, what had happened in the poet's case. Ibsen had evidently

intended Macrina to have dominated *Emperor and Galilean*; but he had *pushed her into the background*, toned the radiance of her expression down, and placed *himself* well forward, making the hero, Julian, the usual spokesman of his own thoughts and feelings. Worst of all, he had added portraits of the people he despised—of lesser men, who filled him with contempt by their stupidity, their self-sufficiency and self-indulgence. Realising what a fatal blunder that had been—how the shadowing of his ideal woman had injured the work—he makes the foreground figure of his final play *an artist, repenting*, vainly trying to wash away his guilt, feeling with pessimistic gloom that now it is too late and nothing can atone. And as Irene listens to Rubek's confession, learning what had happened to the glorious statue that had cost her dear, she feels that she could *kill* him; then, realising how impossible that is—since he is “dead” already!—she breaks into a little smile and calls him “poet—*poet!*” adding maternally that there is something of forgiveness in the word. In saying it she feels that after all he's just “a dear, big, grown-up baby!”

And her smile, we may be sure, is Ibsen's own—half rueful, half diverted at himself. In that long life, with its sixty years of unremitting toil, he gave us of his very best; outgrowing his beginnings, ever ready to start afresh; and all through, even in his prosiest works, he shows the poet's mind and heart. No writer of such genius can ever get away from his own type and temperament altogether; and if he smiled to see the personal touch, even in his greatest achievements, and half apologises in the end, we in our turn are grateful for a hint that draws us nearer to him. So this last farewell of his can put a key into our hands, opening the mystery of much he wrote; and if the special veil that hangs upon this play has even partially been lifted for a few, this backward-glancing method is already justified.

Isabelle M. Pagan



# THE TRINITY IN UNITY<sup>1</sup>

SKETCH FOR A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION

By JAMES H. COUSINS

FREDERICK ROBERTSON of Brighton, the once famous English preacher of Christianity, declared in a sermon that a truth was not necessarily true because it was in the Bible, but was in the Bible because it was true. He had felt the disservice which had been done to that sacred volume by the dead-letter method of approach to its meaning, and he asserted that the true significance of the book could only be appreciated when it was treated as a record of truth, not as a source of truth. Christian children are taught to sing:

Jesus loves me. This I know  
For the Bible tells me so.

But according to Robertson's method the point is not whether this is stated in the Bible, but whether it is true in actual fact.

The textual test of truth externalises it, makes it the possession of scholars, turns it into exclusive dogma, and brings sectarianism and the spirit of intolerance into being. The way to religious unity is through the realisation that all human expression, even where inspiration is claimed, must necessarily bear the limitations of speech, of racial temperament,

<sup>1</sup> The following is a summary of an address given under the auspices of the Tokyo Lodge of the Theosophical Society, and intended to exemplify the carrying out of the Second Object of the Society, the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science.

of personal experience and mental endowment; and that truth exists in the nature of things, and finds approximate utterance in one or more of the scriptures of the various great religions. The comparative method of religious study is therefore a substantial step towards an ultimate unification of the creeds on certain major teachings. The doctrine of the Trinity is a case in point.

Observation of natural phenomena and of the operations of one's own mind shows that there is a threefold mode in Nature. We see underlying all life a basic substance, we see form imposed upon it, we see a consciousness working through it. We shape time to our own triangle of experience by calling it past, present and future. We think—and there is the thinker, the process and the thing thought. We write—and there is the writer, the act and the writing. And when we look at these things quietly and long, and question them as to their secret, we become aware that in all such trinities of life there is one element that is positive and of the nature of fatherhood, one that is passive and of the nature of motherhood, and one that is the offspring of the two. And when we have got thus far, and realise that in a relative universe, in which everything is interdependent, there must be a reflection of similar characteristics from the highest to the lowest, we shall not be far from understanding why it is that in the great religions of the world there is the teaching of the tri-unity of Deity. Reason carries back the qualities of the external world to that Divine Power in which it subsists. The seers of the ages have apprehended the analogy and have borne witness to it. They did not invent it; they recognised it.

In ancient Egypt the triune nature of Deity was expressed in the conception of the God Osiris, the Goddess Isis, and the Divine Child Horus; and there were those in that remote time who, with the comparative eye, saw a

relationship between these divine beings and the spiritual, intellectual and physical sides of human nature. The trinities of Greece are embedded in modern culture.

In the Vedic times in India, a thousand years before Christ, R̥shis taught the worship of the God of Fire (Agni), of the Firmament (Indra) and of the Air (Surya). In Brahmanical times Brahma has been worshipped as the creator, Vishṇu as the preserver and Shiva as the destroyer. Seven centuries before Christ, in Assyria, men looked to the Divine Bull, with its man head, its bull body and its eagle wings, and saw in it wisdom, power and omnipresence.

Three centuries later, Plato, Greek by race but saturated with Asiatic thought, and learned in the wisdom of Egypt through travel in that land, expounded the Cosmic Trinity as First Cause, Reason, and Soul; and analysed humanity into the trinity consisting of man or the reasoning part, lion or the spirited part, and the multi-headed beast of appetite. Two centuries afterwards, the founding of the Platonic school at Alexandria not only demonstrated the philosophical fame of Plato, but marked an exchange of thought between Greece and Egypt, based on the comparative method.

Thus the rationalising process of the mind had moved the trinitarian idea from personality to impersonality, or rather, had developed from the early notions of local deities made in the image and likeness of man, to universal Powers from which humanity had emanated. At the same time the personal conception of Deity had evolved from multiplicity to unity, the latter conception being the most insistent doctrine of the Jewish religion.

When, therefore, the energies let loose by the foundation of Christianity developed into controversy, we are not surprised to find in the mentality of the Gnostics, who were Greek Christians, the double thread of Platonic rationalism and Jewish unitarianism. They held the Logos (Plato's Second

Person of the Trinity) as eternal, and taught that the historical Jesus (about the facts of whose life they expressed considerable doubt) was overshadowed by the eternal Logos, and that his true life could be taken as a spiritual allegory.

At this early point in the history of Christianity there is no mention of a Trinity of Divinity. True, Jesus referred to His Father, and Paul and John vaguely refer to the Holy Spirit as an immanent power; but these shadowings of a possible doctrine of the Trinity were obscured by the natural unitarianism which came to Christianity as an intellectual legacy from its parent Judaism.

But the new Faith could not resist for long some inner urge to adaptation to the triune law of the universe. Justin Martyr (A.D. 150) made the way a little clearer by calling Plato's "Logos" "Supreme Reason," by teaching that it was incarnate in Jesus as a temporary expression, and by referring to the Holy Spirit as a mode of the divine activity. Theophilus, about the same time, brought the matter to a point, used for the first time the word "Trinity," and set out that Trinity as God, Logos and Man.

Now began the era of controversy over the nature of Jesus Christ, which was the surface indication of the hidden urge towards the expression of the triune nature of the universe that had found full personal expression in the great pre-Christian religions and full intellectual expression in the Greek philosophers. It took nearly two hundred years to bring the matter within the domain of official religion, and even then, it took over three hundred bishops two months to discuss the question to the point of a declaration. This was at the Council of Nicæa in A.D. 325, when Jesus Christ was declared to be "of one substance with the Father". Still the Holy Spirit is only vaguely referred to; but half a century later the Council of Constantinople decreed that Christians should believe in One Divinity in three Persons: Father, Son

and Holy Spirit, co-equal in majesty. The interdependence of the triune conception of Godhead was reflected in the doxology, which ran : "Glory be to the Father, through the Son, in the Holy Ghost," but in A.D. 459 a monk named Flavius of Antioch voiced the complete trinitarian conception by altering the doxology to its present form : "Glory to be the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost."

Thus Christianity took its place along with the other great religions in the expression of the truth wrapped up in the ancient occult symbol of the triangle ; and a curious point is that the mass of Christians believe that the doctrine of the Trinity is somehow or other taught in the Bible, while the simple fact is that there is considerably less textual support for it than there is for the doctrine of rebirth—which they do not believe.

But the great difference between the Christian presentation of the doctrine of the Trinity and the pre-Christian presentations is in the Christian exclusion of the feminine element in Divinity, which was fully accepted by the older Faiths. True, the Holy Spirit is referred to in the Greek Bible seventy-three times in the feminine gender, and thirty-two times in the masculine gender. But this untranslatable grammatical differentiation was beyond the possibility of influencing the minds of believers. The feminine element must receive its due personal recognition, and the development of doctrine with regard to the Blessed Virgin, the mother of Jesus, has up to a point met the philosophical need. Up to the fifth century the Blessed Virgin was regarded as human and a sinner ; but the cult of Mary grew in power, until in 1854 the Pope promulgated the doctrine of her Immaculate Conception. The inferior divine honours which are given her are not, however, in her own right, but by virtue of her being the earthly mother of Jesus. It remains for some future council to raise Catholic Christianity to the philosophical level of other religions by

raising the Blessed Virgin to the full height of Divinity, as God the Mother.

Two points of practical importance emerge from this study: the first that the Protestant claim to a definitive canon, a finished and finite book authority, is untenable in view of the controversies that both preceded and followed the collection of traditional teaching (for which there are no existing originals) into the book called the Bible; the second point, that the process of doctrinal development in the Catholic Church negatives the claim to exclusive interpretation. Truth is true, even if, like the truth of the triple nature of the Divine Being in manifestation, it is not specifically taught in the Bible; and the way stands open for a free-minded study of all that is involved in the doctrine of the Trinity in unity, a doctrine more fully presented by Theosophy than by any other agency.

James H. Cousins



## VIBRATIONS

By W. R. C. COODE ADAMS, B.Sc.

THEOSOPHISTS, who so often use the word "vibrations" to explain their ideas, often forget that it has a technical meaning among orthodox scientists, with the result that they occasionally give birth to statements which, though quite correct with regard to the idea they wish to express, are occasionally, for want of more exact phraseology, found to embody no really coherent idea whatsoever. The result of this is that often Theosophy is lightly spoken of among the men of science, which is unnecessary as well as unfortunate. Perhaps, then, it would be as well to embody in a short article some idea of the various ways in which matter is known to vibrate, so that we may get a clear conception of what we mean when we use this term. A body vibrates when it continually passes the same position, first going in one direction and then in the other. The scientific definition is that it is "periodic motion where the velocity is being continuously reversed in direction".

The word "rhythmic" is not used by physicists. A good example of vibratory motion is that of a pendulum, the bob of which, as it swings continuously, passes and re-passes the position it occupies when at rest. Matter, however, in general, whether as a mass of fluid or a collection of particles, can vibrate in different ways, which we may roughly classify under the two heads of "longitudinal" and "transverse".

For general purposes of explanation we may say that the first is where the particles move back and forwards, and the second where they move up and down. We will illustrate this. Attach one end of a piece of string to some firm support and, holding the other in the hand, give it a series of rapid up-and-down movements. With a little trial a continuous series of waves may be made to pass along the stretched string. This is transverse vibration.

Of such a nature are the vibrations of a violin wire, when it is stroked with a bow or plucked with the hand; also of this kind are the waves which pass over the surface of the sea, though in this case there is a certain amount of longitudinal vibration as well. The distance between two successive crests of the waves is called the "wave-length," and this quantity is a most important factor, because not only is it constant for all waves set going by that particular disturbance, and thus forms a means of defining the disturbance, but also it is found to be connected in a very intimate manner with the "frequency" or number of waves which occur per unit of time, and the speed with which they travel. In fact, to state a well known law, the velocity is equal to the frequency multiplied by the wave-length.

Now for longitudinal vibrations. Take a coiled spring and fasten one end to some firm support, and on the other hang some light weight. Now pull the weight down slightly and let go. It will vibrate up and down, the spring automatically opening and closing. The spring vibrates, but in a different way to the wave motion that passes along the string. This is longitudinal vibration.

If we examine the phenomenon carefully, we shall see that when the weight is pulled down, the spring expands at the end near the weight, and the wave of expansion passes up the spring. When the weight rises again, the spring is compressed, and this wave of compression also passes up the



spring. Thus we have a series of alternate waves of compression and expansion passing along the length of the spring.

It is rather important to understand this form of vibration, because all phenomena of sound are of this nature. Air, as we know, is capable of being expanded and compressed, and a musical note consists simply of a succession of pulses of compression and expansion of the air, which travel towards our ears in a definite, orderly manner and with a definite frequency. To give some idea of the magnitude of these waves, I may mention that the middle C of the piano has a wave-length of approximately  $4\frac{1}{3}$  ft. and therefore vibrates 256 times per second, the velocity of sound in air being about 1,100 ft. per second.

Let us now turn to a totally different phenomenon, that of light. It was discovered by the physicists that light behaved as if it were some form of wave-motion, and as light will certainly traverse vacuous spaces, and because it is rather difficult to postulate vibration without anything to vibrate, they were led to make the assumption of the ether of space, that is, an intangible medium which permeates all matter, as well as interstellar space where no matter is. For this reason it is generally called the "luminiferous ether". Let us get some idea of the dimensions of these waves. We find that each colour has its own wave-length, white light being itself a combination of them all. We can use this wave-length for defining the colour, and this is certainly the only scientific way of doing so. The wave-lengths are minutely small, and vary from one thirty-thousandth of an inch in the case of red light to one half that amount in the case of violet. Thus the waves of red light must vibrate four thousand billion times per second. Now if the rainbow be photographed, it is known that more appears on the plate than can be seen by the eye, and science soon discovered that there was a whole series of colours beyond the violet, invisible to the ordinary mortal.

This is called the ultra-violet spectrum. It was not long before we also discovered that there were likewise invisible colours beyond the red, now called the infra-red. But this is not all.

We now know that the electro-magnetic waves which are made use of in wireless telegraphy are exactly of the same nature as light, only of much longer wave-length. They vary from a fraction of an inch up to very great lengths; the commercial wave-length for wireless telegraphy at sea in the merchant service is about 600 yards.

One last fact remains to be added. The X-rays, as they are commonly called, of whose wonderful penetrating power we have all heard, have been shown to be also a form of light; only in this case the wave-lengths are much smaller even than those of light, even ultra-violet light. The wave-length of the X-rays is about one ten-millionth of an inch, or even less—several thousand times smaller than that of visible light.

Thus the whole scheme is complete, and we have brought all our phenomena under one head. What of these vibrations, and how shall we classify them?

The oldest theory of light is that of Newton, and is known as the “corpuscular theory,” according to which light was conceived of as streams of corpuscles proceeding in straight lines with great velocity, and the phenomenon of sight was due to the bombardment of these bodies on the retina. When the wave theory became accepted by physicists, it became obvious that these waves, of which light was composed, were certainly not transverse vibrations, nor were they longitudinal vibrations, and the matter became one of speculation and theory.

Quite recently a completely new conception of the nature of light has come into the field under the name of the “Quantum Theory,” and this hypothesis seems to be supported by so much evidence, and to revolutionise so completely our

ideas of the "ether" of space, that I will make an attempt to explain it. It must be known that science uses the word "energy" to represent any capacity for doing work, either in the form of a coiled spring, or as stored chemical energy in the case of an explosive, or the destructive force possessed by a rapidly moving body. Thus "energy" is conceived of as a property which can be transferred from one body to another and is perfectly measurable, and any such transference does not alter the amount of energy, but only its form or position. Thus we can think of it almost as a mobile liquid which can be poured from one receiver to another without loss of total quantity. One word of warning—do not confuse the words "energy" and "force"; they are quite different. Now according to the quantum theory, light consists of a series of pulses of energy, or we might almost say particles of energy, called "quanta," which are sent out at regular intervals, travelling with a regular speed and presumably in straight lines.

This is practically a return to the corpuscular theory of Newton, with certain modifications, and as a theory will have far-reaching effects upon the views scientists are likely to take on superphysical phenomena. With the wave-theory of light it was necessary to postulate a universally pervading medium; with the new theory that is not necessary, for the "quanta" travel along as compact units across empty space, and do not need any medium to pass them on. Thus modern physicists are divided into two schools: the one represented by Sir Oliver Lodge, who supports the existence of the ether; and the other represented by Einstein and Planck, who deny its existence and find themselves quite capable of explaining all phenomena without it. The question cannot be discussed without reference to the theory of relativity. So long as we admit the facts of gravitation to be due to an attraction exerted by one particle of matter on another, we

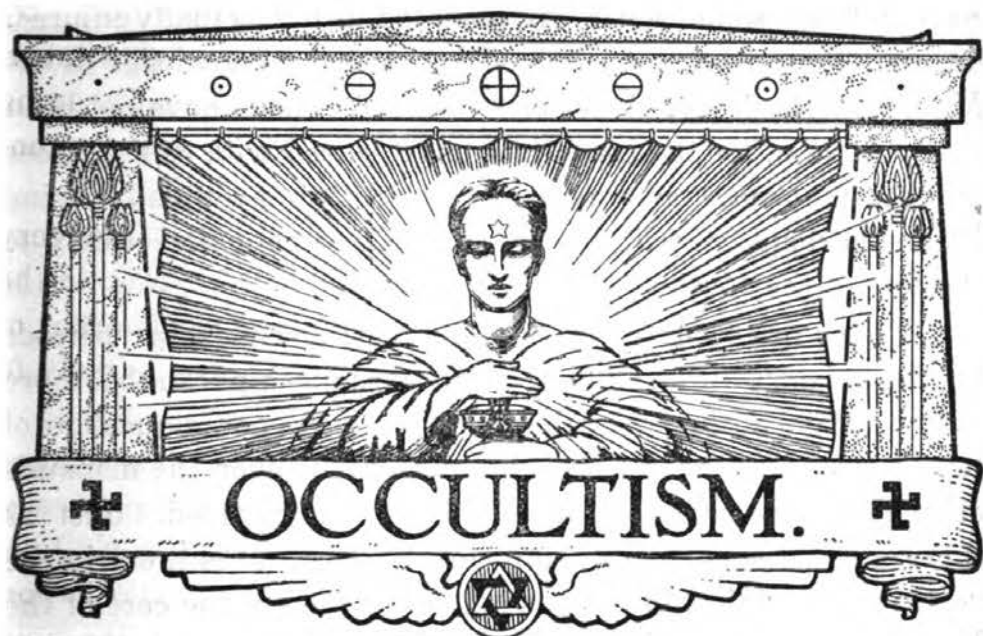
must postulate some kind of medium whereby this attraction can be exercised, that is, some connection between the two bodies whereby one can exert the force on the other. By means of relativity, however, the phenomena of gravitation may be explained by means of space-distortion, without having to assume any force of attraction whatsoever, and so no connecting medium is necessary.

We have said enough to show that we should be very careful in making statements in the name of science as to the nature of light or as to the nature or existence of the ether of space. Both questions are in a state of solution and likely to remain so for some time.

I have but thrown together a number of scientific facts—I hope, for the interest of my readers. Those who are already acquainted with them will pardon the re-telling of an old tale, whereas if I have helped anyone to gain a further appreciation of the varied phenomena of this wonderful world, the time has not been wasted.

W. R. C. Coode Adams

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## THE SEARCH FOR THE MASTER <sup>1</sup>

By B. P. WADIA

MANY members of the T.S. are greatly drawn to the inner side of the Theosophical teachings. What may have been to them a mere theory when they joined, becomes in a great number of cases a strong belief later on, and the earnest member strives to convert that belief into a matter of knowledge. The existence of the Masters has been a focus of attraction to many; the finding of the Masters has been the most desired pursuit in a few cases. Many have desired greatly, but have not found, for the reason that the finding of the Master was but a secondary object of their lives. Had they been honest with themselves, they would have recognised

<sup>1</sup> Report of a talk to a group of students.

this, and would have made further efforts, or would have been content to leave things as they were. Instead of that, they have felt in some sense disappointed, if not actually injured, because they have not attained to first-hand knowledge of the Masters. However, the efforts they have made have not been really in vain, for the ideal they have sensed will, as time goes on, become more and more real, and will eventually bring them—perhaps it will be a matter of another life—safely to the feet of the Master.

There are seasons for the growth of discipleship; periods in the history of evolution when discipleship can be more easily attained than at other times. It is not a question of favouritism on the part of the Masters, or even the demands of the world-service in which They are engaged. Just as there are seasons for sowing and harvest, so is there in the realm of discipleship the sowing of the seed in the core of the Ego, and the sprouting forth of that seed, affecting both egoic and personal consciousness; for the growth in the sphere of consciousness reflects itself in our limited brain-awareness. As far as this physical world is concerned, there are times (the result of the activities of the Law of Cycles or Periodicity) when the task of realisation becomes easier of attainment. This may be said to be an illusory effect merely; but, from the point of view of the actional plane (*Kriyaloka*), it is not so. Just as the rising and setting of the sun every morning and evening are illusions, but may be and are taken advantage of for purposes of ritual and worship, so also certain periods may be, and are, utilised for the realisation of discipleship. Such an opportune season is used by the Great Ones for starting Occult Schools, spiritual movements, etc. Such a period was chosen by our Masters for the founding of the T.S., and that was why in the early days of the Society so many were fortunate in contacting the Masters in their brain-consciousness. It seems to me that one of the immediate fruits of discipleship

is the knowledge and experience of its intimate relationship with the Master in brain-consciousness.

The man who would find the Master must make the search the dominant aim of his life. If we are prepared not to be deterred by any kind of obstacle or difficulty, if we do not hesitate to sacrifice everything and have the courage to destroy in ourselves those things which hinder, we are at least doing our part, and we may be well assured that the Master will not fail in His duty.

The first idea that we want to grasp clearly is that the finding of the Master is an absolute possibility for us ; that it is a certainty for us, provided that we have strength and energy enough to go on and pursue our course without breaking down in physical health. People sometimes think that to tread the Path is a matter of consciousness only, and that material bodies are not of great importance. Bodies, however, do matter infinitely, and one of the qualifications that Masters require from would-be disciples is that they bring to Them fit and healthy bodies, in and through which Their work can be done. A wrecked body is of no use to Them. It may seem harsh, perhaps, that people who meditate and study, who lead as conscientiously as they can the spiritual life, and who thus perhaps in consequence overstrain their nervous systems—because of this must be thrown aside. We must look at the matter from the Master's point of view. What use will a person be to the Masters if he or she breaks down every time after a little piece of work? The life of discipleship is a strenuous life. The Master may want to use the disciple day after day, at any hour, at any time ; He may have to tax his endurance considerably. It is therefore not difficult to see that the physical body must necessarily play a great part in the calculation that the Masters have to make before They accept anyone as a disciple. Realise that a disciple is an outpost of the Master's consciousness, and therefore the true disciple must

have the Ego-consciousness directing and guiding his brain-consciousness, and he must be careful not to admit into the latter anything that might affect the wonderful consciousness behind, that might prevent the Master working through him at any time. It will easily be seen that this constant alertness and self-collectedness must be a great tax on the nervous system. Similarly it follows that all the subtler bodies should be in a healthy condition, for the strain on them will be great too, since our astral and mental life must be arranged as far as possible in accordance with that aspect of the Master which we contact. For the Master, and He alone, must be the centre of our universe, if it is to coincide with the Masters' world.

How many of us make the Master our centre? If we examine ourselves, we shall see that we are very far away from the Master. Our world is differently built from His, and therefore there is little reason for us to be surprised that He does not pay attention to us. We must make Him the core of our consciousness, and thus the centre of our cosmos.

There are two simple rules—simple as all spiritual things are—which will help us in our efforts at realisation, if we apply them. First, whenever we think, whenever we feel, whenever we have to act, our first question should be: "I am thinking this thought, I am feeling this feeling, I am about to do this act—would the Master do it if He were in my place?" And if the answer to our question be in the affirmative, then ask: "*How* would the Master think this thought, feel this feeling, do this act?"

This is a very strenuous practice to follow, but it is the right principle to work on; for he who does this proves that he is making the Master, and not his little personal self, the centre of his consciousness. Very few are willing to make this sacrifice in its entirety. Some are ready to surrender portions of their consciousness to the Master, but reserve rights



over the residue. This will not do, if we are to gain what we say we want.

To come back to the question of the tax on the body. If we read the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine*, we find that H. P. B. has used a phrase—"play ducks and drakes with the body"; and this some of her readers have misunderstood. Instead of playing with the body they have played with consciousness, and instead of relieving the tension they have led the ordinary life under the name of Occultism. Let me read the whole passage of H.P.B., and you will understand that the control of the bodies, the relieving of the tension of the bodies, is to take place in a definite way, but this does not mean that the bodies are allowed to do what they please, dragging the consciousness into the mire of material existence.

Let the student make a bundle of the four lower and pin them to a higher state. He should centre on this higher, trying not to permit the body and intellect to draw him down and carry him away. Play ducks and drakes with the body, eating, drinking and sleeping, but living always on the ideal.

We are apt sometimes to take life too seriously in a wrong manner, and we do this because of an unconscious egotism that is in us. We think we are here to save other people's souls and the world, and we think this because we do not realise that it is only by leading our *own* life in terms of the above teaching that we become instruments in the hands of the Great Ones. And although we try to live according to fixed laws of meditation and study, like the rich young man in the parable, when the Master wants us, we cannot follow because we have great possessions, intimate possessions—astral, mental and physical—and we cannot let these go. They are the real centre of our Cosmos, not the Master. Thus we are not able to contact Him, for we cannot respond to His note.

If we want the Masters, we must observe the laws. There are many things in each of us that are not in themselves

bad things—some of them are exceedingly good—which are comfortable to ourselves and not harmful to the world, but they may not be of any use to the Master. Are we prepared in our mental, emotional and physical natures to get rid of everything that is not useful to Him, be it good or bad? We have constantly to eliminate the personal “I”—often an attractive and beautiful creature—for it has no place in the plan. It is depressed, and must find consolation. It is irritated and must be soothed by praise. It must have attention of some kind or other. We must learn that it is the Master and not the personal “I” who commands attention.

The Master wants an equipoised consciousness in which He can work all the time. He does not want depression, He does not want elation, which are things of the personal consciousness. How are we to judge of ourselves? One way is this: if we are depressed, the first thing we should note is that there is some one capable of depressing us; so also with elation. The one mood which we require is the mood of permanent affection which expresses itself in Bliss. The highest attribute of God in Hindū literature is Bliss—*Ānanda*. That is what we want. It is that phase which brings the touch of the Master’s consciousness to us. If we realised, we should know that that alone is of supreme moment to us, that nothing else in the world matters. What matters it if people praise or blame us? These things, as the *Gītā* says, “come and go, impermanent,” and the advice given is: “Endure them bravely, O Bhārata”—and that endurance *not* in the spirit of a martyr. That again is often misunderstood. Experience of joy or suffering is common to all. But for the student of Occultism to feel Bliss in suffering marks a stage of inner growth. The weapon of silent suffering, not for the paying off of karma, but for the positive work of generating spiritual forces, is not understood by the world and is not likely to be. Crucifixion is misinterpreted. That experience is not

the paying off of karma, but a spiritual generation of certain forces where suffering means joyous lifting of some of the heavy burdens of materialism, in the true significance of the word. From our point of view the blazing fire must cause torments, in the act of consuming, to wood and coal ; but that is really not so. Crucifixion in the true sense is analogous to the process whereby fire reduces wood to ashes ; the wood takes upon itself the property of the fire, and in allowing itself to be so reduced, sends forth the fragrance inherent in it. It is a crude simile, but signifies a great occult truth.<sup>1</sup>

There is an inner life in each of us which is to become in course of time, if it has not already so become, part of the Master's consciousness ; and there is an outer consciousness which we may use in so far as we do not ruffle the inner consciousness. Knowledge comes to a disciple from the inner pole in proportion as he teaches others. He evolves efficiency, not because he is in constant communication with the Master, but because, having experienced a touch of that great consciousness, he himself begins to work. It is a slow, plodding, persistent life. Slow is the process, and bit by bit the whole lesson has to be learned ; and the only really wonderful thing about it is that, when once we have really touched the Master's consciousness, outside things do not matter to us. The real disciple may say with truth : " Men may come and men may go, but I go on for ever." The permanent consciousness we aspire to is one which is above death, above stagnation, above decay ; it is ever unfolding ; its great quality is the quality of giving, giving, giving all the time, and getting nothing from the outside world save avenues for greater service.

We crave too many things from the outside world when we desire to attain to discipleship. We forget that discipleship

<sup>1</sup> In this sense must be understood the case of the Buddha quoted by H. P. B. in the third volume of *The Secret Doctrine* (page 373) : " ' Let me suffer and bear the sins of all [be reincarnated unto new misery], but let the world be saved ! ' was said by Gauṭama Buddha : an exclamation the real meaning of which is little understood now by his followers."

implies the motion of one big sweep of an outgoing current, and it is so powerful that no other current from without can besmirch it. Remember H. P. B.'s wonderful description of herself as a disciple: "I am a window through which the light comes." Discipleship, according to H. P. B., is a matter of difference in direction of the flow of life-currents. It assumes the capacity in people for allowing themselves to be flooded by the sunlight of Life and recognising themselves as mere windows. It is not, to my mind, so much a privilege as a responsibility, and its recognition grows with the growth of discipleship. Our attitude should be one of thankfulness that we are or may become windows through which the sunlight pours, and that there are souls willing to receive that sunlight. The disciple, then, must be the friend of all creatures. His life is open and broad, a life of bliss. He is ready to take in hand any work that the Master wants done; it does not matter to him whether he sweeps a floor or whether he delivers a lecture; he also learns to realise the fine truth: "They also serve who only stand and wait." We must be patient enough to wait—patient enough and big enough to understand the outside world from the Master's point of view, and that only comes when we get rid of our anxiety to save the world. We are constantly trying to clear up other people's jungles instead of our own, and we find a difficulty in that they will not let us do it. Why should they? They have their own job to do. Ours the task of becoming windows for the light, which others may gladly use in the purifying of their own natures, in illuminating their own minds and hearts.

Then there is the positive side of building faculty—physical, emotional and mental—which the Masters want. The disciple, unlike ordinary men, must not depend on books or libraries for his work in the world. If he has time to consult them, well and good, but he must have the mental faculty which has the power of co-ordinating all the departments of

life and activity. Many members of the T.S. have half recognised this truth, but have misinterpreted it. They make reliance on the Masters' help an excuse for very inadequate study, and for the non-preparation of lectures. This, of course, is not what is meant. What is required presupposes a very keen intellect—a faculty too often discounted by present-day Theosophists. The disciple must bring his knowledge from within. He cannot say to the Master: "I cannot do such and such a thing, I have not studied it." He has to take up the work and have a mind sufficiently sharp and concentrated to use it for the performance of any task, for the illumination of any subject.

Similarly with feelings. Most of us have astral bodies tinged with numerous unimportant and petty feelings. The disciple needs a few fundamental feelings—pure, big, strong emotions. The Masters do not want only good people. The churches are full of these. They want powerful workers. The disciple must have a few dominating qualities in his astral body, all rooted in the great quality of affection, so that he can help all, and is in a position to give through his affectionate nature many things that people want. A disciple must be able to adapt himself to circumstances wherever he is put, and to help all in varied environments. Therefore are necessary in his nature emotions of a character that the Master can use—the great emotions of Power and Compassion. In physical-plane life, faculty is required to do the Masters' work well. The disciple must gain accuracy as far as space is concerned, punctuality with reference to time, purity with regard to causes. That is what the Master wants in terms of space, time and causality.

Discipleship is a gradual process, though the culminating point will come in a flash. It comes from within, and is not a matter of bestowal from without. Disciples make themselves, by their own inner growth. You cannot impart discipleship.

It is a new aspect of consciousness gained by toil, and its salient characteristic is the knowledge of itself, its condition and position. It does not rely on others for that information, it is self-contained.

In the culture of consciousness by concentration of mind-forces, by the purification of the emotional nature and the planting therein of the seeds of Vairāgya and Bhakṭi, dispassion and devotion, by the permeation of the spirit of self-abnegation in all activity, so that work assumes the form of sacrifice—thus men and women grow silently, inch by inch, into discipleship. We cannot come to it by outer work, but can only grow into its light by an inner process of which meditation, study and constant practice at control of the lower self are but parts. From time immemorial, discipleship has been recognised as a stage of spiritual life, and we can attain to it to-day. It is difficult to achieve, it is rare of attainment; but what even a very few have done, that we can do.

B. P. Wadia

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## EXPERIMENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE GROUP-SOUL

By A. F. KNUDSEN

THE usual strenuous study at a big Engineering College, and many interruptions of an ordinary social life, combined to prevent or delay a series of psychological experiments long planned and hoped for in my High School years. The opportunity came in 1892, when I got a free hand and could plan my work. The present article covers a few of the experiments that were carried out in the four years up to 1896 ; my conclusions were purely Theosophical, but I did not find the Theosophical Society until I reached India in January, 1897, where I first heard Theosophy explained, and where I joined the T.S.

The first year of experimentation was entirely on men, and chiefly on the control of vitality, or therapeutics. The second year brought me to experiments on animals as well, and a study of animal consciousness and man's influence upon it. Lack of speech as a medium of exchange made the experiments on animals much simpler, or rather more primitive, but otherwise they paralleled the usual experiments with the human kingdom. The complete trance-state was really of no value, for the subject could not talk. Then, again, several of the methods of inducing trance had no effect, for there was no way of conveying to a horse, for instance, the idea of looking at a bright object—how could you make him pay attention? Only a very wild creature, who thought he was fighting for his life, would watch every move, and thus

approximate, in some instances, to the effect of concentrated attention. But all animals instinctively dread the human eye and avoid its gaze.

Both hypnotic and mesmeric processes were used, and from experience I was well aware of the different reactions on both the subject and the operator. The latter process will give the greatest number of interesting phenomena with animals. Animal magnetism is crude and dull in the extreme; and, in cases of repercussion and inflowing upon the operator's aura, the results may be very obnoxious. I have often been partially unconscious for days—as if I could not think except in terms of animal vibration.

Having carried out a long series of experiments in thought and will transference in partial or complete hypnoid states, I extended it to a parallel series on animals with great success. This included local hypnotisation, partial control, and leaving the subject free, merely putting one small idea into his mind. This leaves the subject conscious of what he does, of what he thinks; yet he does the appointed act at the proper time as if voluntarily and of his own initiative. Apparently using his own free will as much as anyone does, yet the one definite and often complicated bit of life imposed on him by the operator would be fitted in, acted out, and generally accepted entirely as his own. Occasionally a victim would question himself or his family with: "Why did I do that?" or: "What made me do such an unusual thing?" One man said: "I must be going crazy," when the act was quite inconsistent.

I was managing my father's estate during that time, and had under me a great variety of small interests and several distinct races of men. My cowboy gang of native Polynesian Hawaiians, and the big gang of Chinamen on the rice-fields, gave me the greatest number of my subjects for all my experiments. These were carried on in the day's work. Few, if any, suspected that they were subjects, and I never



asked of any man permission to use him. Only a few of the leading men around me were exempt from these invisible assaults on their sanity and ethical balance.

Proving to my own satisfaction that no subject escaped definite diminution of mental and moral force and value, I concluded that any and all such experiments in hypnosis and control, of whatever nature, were wicked—in fact the most wicked injury that one can inflict on a fellow creature. But I have no time here to enlarge upon the ethical degeneration and its reaction on the operator.

Starting with post-hypnotic suggestions given to subjects in the trance-state, by imperceptible degrees I worked round to the other extreme and followed out a long series of experiments in thought transference and will-influence, in which no effort whatever was made to hypnotise or mesmerise the subject. The control was by thought.

When one comes to think of it, it is very suggestive that so much of the action between hypnotiser and subject is in spoken words. Statement after statement is made, question after question—and always leading questions. It is a battle for the field of consciousness, and insidious propaganda of this kind induces the surrender. Change the conditions, take a subject who cannot speak your language, and you instantly resort to silence and use signs. The entranced subject can speak—does, in fact, greatly enlarge the vast field of research by his dissertations on the region of consciousness in which he finds himself—may even remember a past life on earth, for that matter. Language conveys the ideas, the consciousness. But eliminate speech, and you have to recast the whole system of experimentation. The babbling Chinaman or the grunting horse—both practically inanimate—were equally incomprehensible with the tree or the stone. Will the man to do something, will the animal to a certain trick, and then you get the act to speak for itself.

In those years I gave part of each day, together with the cowboys, to some phase of the training that made a vicious and panic-stricken colt into a wise and alert servitor for man. And in this work I found will played a tremendous part. This, then, is really the beginning of my story.

As is customary, each man handles but one horse at a time. Some horses learn quicker than others; some men teach their horse-pupils quicker than others. Some horses never learn—are “outlawed,” as the saying goes—for some are too clever ever to surrender and some too dull to be impressed.

In other words, the “trained animal” may either be re-hypnotised each time for the purpose of exhibition, or he may be cowed into submission and find his allotted task the lesser of two evils; or his task may be combined with a reward, such as being fed after the performance, as is often done with *carnivoræ* and, I think, invariably with seals. With horses, dogs, elephants, etc., there seems to be sufficient character innate in the creature to *enjoy* learning, and an old horse can often be noticed anticipating the judgment of the rider by a clever manœuvre in the nick of time, and evidently enjoying it. Among cow ponies this is very marked.

But in the early days of the training there is much opportunity for applying the will and compelling the animal to obey. Many Mexican cowboys know this and use it consciously. My own experiments grew into a regular habit; and as a check on my own herd of high-grade and docile horses, I experimented with many from other ranches, wild and unkempt, and many an “outlaw” that other men had tried and found impossible to handle, impossible even to approach. While each and every one yielded sooner or later to an ever-intensifying will to control, the final discovery came as if by accident. There were about sixty horses of all ages, and mostly trained, in the big corral, and I had a three-year-old in a small pen adjoining, on which I was experimenting with “local” control. I was

making him hold up one leg as he went round the square pen in a double figure eight, turning in each corner and returning to the centre. He had never been ridden—but stood to halter and was not afraid enough to be “fighting mad”. But he was not used to being alone with his teacher, and it was hard to keep him from trying to get back to the “gang”—they are just like boys. Suddenly I noticed an old mare hobbling along on three legs, and to my astonishment I saw two others doing it for a short time—just a few steps. I went out and examined them; they were perfectly well. But they were copying the actions of my colt in a vague way.

I brought them into the pen and put them all four through the tricks; they all did them simultaneously and well, and they did many other tricks, while I only paid attention to one. I thought of it as mental infection; no other horse in the herd responded. Later, I called this group condition “joint-stock consciousness”. Each group was named and listed, and later all were grouped.

My next step was to find how many groups there were in our herd of high grade stock. The numbers varied from three to twelve or so. Some were very vague in their response. In the broncho herd, running at large and chiefly owned by others, and all a much poorer grade of stock, the groups were invariably larger—ten to eighteen—but among horses I never saw more than eighteen in a group of this sort.

My tests were many and severe, but the main groups never broke up. Each and every horse, when in hypnoidal control, affected only the others of his group. Sex and relationship by blood made no difference. A group only once was composed of an old mare and her own progeny of six. Most colts and their mothers separated on being weaned.

The tests were these: to go into a particular corner and perform; to walk with one leg lame; to walk in certain figures; to walk in and out through certain trees; to stand in

the corner when all the herd was let out to graze; to go to the stable while others went free, etc., etc. The best test was to find all of a group come, when only one was wanted for service and compelled to come up to the saddling-pen at night. When more than one was needed, only one was called—the others were there automatically. Among wild cattle this was often the only one of such tests of membership in a group. Taking the wild and unbroken young horses from other ranches, where they had had a reputation for being “real devils,” gave check-proofs. One such, a tall, dark grey filly, “Duchess,” was used in two days for all but roping work. Kekuaiwa, the head cowboy, said: “What a tame colt!—and yet she fought the rope hard when I took her out of the corral.” “Yes,” I answered, “and you can’t saddle and ride her now, inside of two hours.” “What are you talking about? She is just naturally tame.” “Put up twenty-five dollars,” I answered; and he did, and he lost it. He couldn’t get the saddle on. He wasted time thinking she was amenable to reason. When he had roped her legs and thrown her, and got her blindfolded and saddled, time was up. He was amazed. “You are indeed a *kahuna* [magician],” he said, “I never saw such magic. I am sure you made her frantic on purpose.”

On the contrary, it took two days to calm her down and get over the horror of the enforced slavery. Gradually I let her out of the control. In two weeks she was learning rapidly and normally, and twelve years later the owner’s son said: “She is still the best horse on the ranch.” Another, “Black Prince,” was compelled to walk up to me and put his forehead against my uplifted palm. It took nearly two hours. I wanted to impel him, yet leave him conscious of his act. In that way he learned that he was not injured, yet had to surrender. He had nearly killed his first wrangler. To me he was always docile and eager to learn; he was a grand cow-pony, and his nerves were on a hair-trigger.

Cattle responded in the same way; though tricky, they are much duller. Twenty-eight or thirty was the smallest group noticed. Fifty or sixty was the usual group, though many went over a hundred. Several hundred horses on five or six ranches, and several thousand head of cattle, entered into my experiments.

On my own ranch and on three other ranches, the cattle had gone wild in the tropical jungles and were hunted until they feared man with a deadly fear, fighting fiercely when cornered. By carefully keeping out of sight, I would get control of one—young or old made practically no difference—and compel it to walk down into the high, strong trap-corrals. The whole group would follow, and often wander in through the gate as if nothing existed. When I shut the gate or had the trapper do it, I would release the bond, and then often they would run around looking for a chance to escape, whereas before that they would appear dazed. Sometimes the coming of a man, or some unforeseen encounter like that, would upset the whole experiment, and each would separately run for his life. Later, however, I would get the same group.

This led to experimenting at control over a long distance, and three to five miles did not seem to be any distinct barrier. At greater distances it was hard to prove anything, and a greater territory was not available, over which circumstances could have been adjusted for control of the tests.

Three distinct types of experiments seemed to be apparent: (a) When the individual was hypnotised locally—only in one leg, or to create the impression of pain, or to alleviate pain from a wound, accidental or otherwise—the group did not seem to notice anything. When one fell in the chase, when one was injured by breaking a leg, there seemed to be no mutuality of pain.

That the group consciousness was not in the plane of vitality was proven by the lack of response to hurts and injuries, real and imaginary; by the fact that only when the subject was completely dominated did the exchange become perfect; and from the fact that any number of animals near the subject were uninfluenced, while his group-mate at a distance was.

(b) When the individual was almost completely hypnotised, so that he walked or stood, limped or lay down. He pawed the ground regularly in sequential numbers and with each foot alternately, etc., etc., at will; and then the rest of the group began to copy him. The copy was always much cruder than the action of the original actor. A very distinct interval of time was necessary for the transfer from the mind and brain of one horse to that of another. There never was a clear-cut, "snappy" response, as in the human subject. If the change of action was too rapid, the group-response was very erratic and often stopped entirely. But the group seldom, if ever, reverted to freedom of action.

(c) But if the hypnosis was fairly complete, so that the attention could not be diverted by an external agency, and the visualisation of the actions steady, consistent and continuous, the third or full stage would develop. It took much patience to keep up a slow series, but only in that way could the joint-stock consciousness best manifest itself. The time required was often as much as five minutes; with a small group of intelligent horses, less. Some ideas, like running in a circle, came easy. A double figure eight, or the left-hand turns, were very hard. A voice or a movement could break up the group-attention, while it did not affect the subject. A tame horse of the group would influence a wild one to docility; but the wild one had really the upper hand, and could create panic in a very short time. Freedom was evidently the natural state. When a group got into the game together, say after

an hour's work all together, then the new idea got across more readily. That, however, may have been due to unconsciously extending the attention to the others.

When the subject and the experimenter were not visible to the group, and yet the group repeated the test action, then the proof seemed clear enough. At a distance of several hundred yards, and with a second observer merely recording the actions of the group, some very convincing proof was obtainable, the group once exactly repeating a long programme that was prepared beforehand, but unknown to the group-observer. By hypnotising a tame horse of the group, the wild one was very reasonable, though handled by another cowboy who did not know of the experiment. When the colt seemed after two or three days to be quite gentle, the group-mate would be left free when unhypnotised. The wild one would then be ten times as fierce as before, often putting up a fight as if handled for the first time by man. When one or two of a group of wild ones are partly broken, and can be used for many purposes, the roping and breaking for the first time of another of their group will set the first ones bucking in sympathy.

There was no proof that those present were the only members of the group. Probably there are great distances between members of one group. They did not necessarily go together in the same pasture. Several times there would be one lone one, seemingly unattached. In one band of only fourteen, there was once a mingling of three groups. Three individuals had to be held in control by concentrating on the brain. In this way the visualised thought of the procedure required seemed to be held in the consciousness of each of the three leaders. They were from four different ranches, and were noted as being "impossible to get". They were clever to find cover, to dodge in wooded country and where rock and cliff handicapped the cowboy; but in one hour and a quarter

after sighting the first one, they were safe in the owner's corral.

One can hypnotise a large number of human beings one after the other, and set each one some trick to perform. Here with animals the same thing was done with one; and yet four or more, up to a hundred, would act as the one acted. Many repeated experiments seem to show that it was the plane of the mind on which they united.

Self-control was sometimes sorely tried. In the band corralled was a large bull who was of the "group". He and several others were to be separated. Kekuaiwa entered the corral on horseback, to open the other gate and separate them. But instantly the bull made him run for his life. I opened the gate and slammed it shut behind him; the bull, thwarted, ran back into the bunch. Then I walked into the centre of the corral, holding the thought: "I am not your enemy."

In a few moments the foreman jumped in on foot. "I am as brave as you are; courage can do that," he said, and started forward; but the bull charged past me and all but caught the agile climber as he went over the fence. Stopping short at the fence, the bull snorted; and coming back, went straight at me. He would never bump a standing, motionless thing; he could only discriminate by motions; so I did not even wink, nor did I break my concentration. Side-stepping awkwardly, he passed near me and then came up-wind close to me and behind me. I did not dare look; he sniffed at me at about a yard's distance, and then walked quietly to his companions. I turned slowly and backed off to the fence. Kekuaiwa said: "*Kahuna!*"

A. F. Knudsen



## RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

By THE RT. REV. C. W. LEADBEATER

FRANCE, A.D. 1090

WE find a small but important group of our characters gathered in Central France towards the end of the eleventh century. Colos, who in that life bore the name of Tecelin, was a man of distinguished family, a knight and vassal of the Duke of Burgundy, living at Fontaines, near Dijon. He married the lady Aleth (Vesta) who was also of a noble family of the name of Montbard. This couple had six children, all of them characters in our story. There were five brothers: Nicos, Pavo, Naga, Crux, and Quies, and one sister, Algol. Colos was killed in the First Crusade, while his children were still young, and some ten years after, Vesta also passed away, though not until she had ineffaceably stamped her piety, her fiery religious zeal and her wonderfully loving nature upon her young family. Her two elder sons had taken up the profession of arms as a matter of course, and had married; but the mother's devotion found its fullest reflection in the third son, Bernard, who in our history is called Naga.

He was born in the year 1090, and from an early age declared his intention of consecrating himself absolutely to the service of God in the world, through the endeavour to guide humanity towards Him. He devoted much of his time to meditation, chiefly out in the woods, for his love of Nature was only less a passion with him than his love for Humanity. In later life he wrote: "*Experto crede; aliquid amplius invenies in silvis quam in libris; ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis.*" "Trust one who

knows ; you will find something more spacious in woods than in books ; the forests and the rocks will teach you something which you cannot learn from the professors." His great ideas as to the means of helping humanity were : first to set them the example of a stainless life, and secondly to become a monk and preach to them ; and he began expounding this doctrine to those nearest and dearest to him with such wonderfully persuasive power that his whole family followed him. His two elder brothers, Guido and Gerard, made provision for their wives and children, gave up the profession of arms, and joined him in the monastic life, while his younger brothers and his sister adopted it from the first.

He spoke with such effect to neighbours of his own rank, that at the age of twenty-two he was able to present himself at the little ruined monastery of Citeaux with thirty young men, all of noble family, and all burning with anxiety to take the severest monastic vows, and to devote themselves to God's work in the world. The Head of this humble monastery was at this time an Englishman, named Stephen Harding, a monk from the Abbey of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, and he naturally welcomed with enthusiasm this important accession to his obscure little community. Naga continued to exercise his marvellous persuasive power, and it is said by a contemporary writer that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends, because none could resist him".

The accommodation of the humble building at Citeaux proved entirely inadequate, so, in 1115, Naga was sent out with twelve others to seek a site for a daughter establishment. He went northward, and presently decided upon a wild and thickly wooded valley, where he founded the monastery of Clairvaux, the fame of which was later to spread through Christendom. Young as he was, he was appointed Abbot of this new monastery, and the number of its novices increased with startling rapidity. The young Abbot was at this time

scornfully impatient of the ordinary desires and emotions of humanity, and he demanded from himself, though not from others, an impossibly rapid rate of progress in their subjugation. His austerities were so extreme that he speedily fell ill, and would probably have brought himself and his work to a premature end, but for the interference of a wiser and much older friend, William de Champeaus, who was enough of a doctor to understand that asceticism may very easily be overdone, and that when it is, it inevitably leads to disastrous results.

His senior's counsels prevailed, and Naga re-established his health; and his renewed vigour speedily showed itself both in his speeches and in his writings. His high character and his absolute unselfishness gained him very wide influence, and the fame of his zeal and of his sanctity spread over the whole of France. He began to be invited to the Synods and Councils of the Church, and it was he who secured official recognition for the Order of the Knights Templar, and drew up for them their table of regulations. His extraordinary power of persuasion resulted from the unselfish depth of affection of his nature; but he regarded it as his duty to direct this entirely along the lines of love for humanity as a whole.

The tenor of his preaching was always that men could attain salvation only by being filled with the spirit of Christ, and therefore becoming Christlike. He held that heretics should be brought into the fold not by force of arms but by force of argument, and that faith was to be produced from within by persuasion and not to be imposed upon men from without. The spirit of the age, however, was strongly in opposition to these milder doctrines, and it was not entirely without its influence on him, so that he was sometimes betrayed into expressions and actions inconsistent with these high ideals. Whatever cause he espoused, he identified himself with it whole-heartedly, and ran some danger of becoming fanatical in its advocacy.

When Pope Honorius II died in 1130, there sprang up two claimants to the Papal Throne—Innocent and Anacletus. The Cardinals favoured the latter, and he was established in Rome, while Innocent fled to France. King Louis of France espoused Innocent's cause, and called a great Council of archbishops and bishops to decide upon the matter. To this Council Naga was summoned, and he thought it his duty to go, though it was with considerable reluctance that he abandoned his quiet literary life at Clairvaux. After much debate and careful examination as to the claims and character of the two Popes, he pronounced in favour of Innocent, and his eloquence carried the whole Council with him.

He then travelled with Innocent over a good deal of France and Germany, and he was everywhere successful in bringing men to his views of the matter; so that though Anacletus maintained his position in Rome, all the rest of Europe acknowledged Innocent. Indeed, Naga so stirred up the Emperor Lothair that he took up arms in order to assert Innocent's claim, and finally obtained his coronation in Rome, Anacletus being shut up in the castle of S. Angelo, where he shortly afterwards died. Another Anti-Pope appeared on the scene, but Naga's persuasion induced him to resign his claims, so that Christendom was once more united.

At the Council at Sens, in 1140, he was put forward to argue with the great Schoolman Abelard, who soon retired from the contest. Naga, however, presented so ably his case against the alleged heresies of Abelard that he obtained a condemnation of them from the Pope. It was against his will that he was drawn into these wranglings, and later into political complications; but he regarded it as a duty thrust upon him, and so he did it to the best of his ability, even though it outraged his own nature of love and gentleness. It was entirely against his better feelings that he was persuaded to harshness against Abelard, and also on another occasion against

Bishop Gilbert of Poitiers. He was undoubtedly in a very difficult position ; the Pope and all the ecclesiastical authorities of the time thought that severity against heretics was absolutely necessary for the welfare of the Church, and they therefore took it as a matter of course, and were inclined to be doubtful of the orthodoxy of any who disapproved it. Naga held strongly to the hierarchical theory of the duty of full obedience to authority, and felt that he had no right to set his opinion against theirs ; yet the intense inherent affection of his nature was constantly at war with these outer requirements. Sometimes it triumphed altogether, as in the case of his stern rebuke to the Christians who attempted to set on foot a persecution against the Jews in Mayence.

It has been mentioned that Colos was killed in the First Crusade, and naturally enough Naga's youthful enthusiasm had been strongly excited by the account of the doughty deeds of the Christians in the endeavour to wrest the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Paynim. So when the Pope decided upon a Second Crusade, Naga was the man whom he chose to preach it, and once more he thought it his duty to take up the work, though with many misgivings as to whether even the sacred object which was to be gained could be worth the terrible slaughter which it entailed—whether the work of the Lord of Love could ever be furthered by the indiscriminate slaughter of thousands of His creatures. But when he decided to take up his mission, throwing the responsibility for his doing so entirely upon the command of the Pope, he threw himself into it with characteristic vigour and tenacity of purpose. His preaching was attended by its usual success ; the people followed him with such enthusiasm that it is said that whole districts were depopulated, as their inhabitants set out for the East, full of religious fervour, but with remarkably little idea of the practical side of the expedition which they were undertaking.

As history tells us, the Second Crusade was a disastrous failure, and when this became generally known, Naga was widely blamed for his share in promoting it. He felt his responsibility bitterly, and there is no doubt that the last part of his life was much saddened by the feeling that he was to some extent responsible for such a tremendous amount of fruitless slaughter. Many of his own personal friends were killed in this futile expedition; and in this way he also suffered greatly, since he had always been especially ardent in his sympathies and friendships. It was probably partly in consequence of this emotional suffering that at this period his health began to fail him, though it is undoubtedly also true that he had undermined his constitution by the excessive austerities of his youth.

More and more in his later years he took refuge in the inner mystic devotion which had always had a keen attraction for him, though all through his earlier life he intentionally repressed that side of his life in order to devote himself without interruption and with utter selflessness to what to him seemed the work of God in the world. He passed away eventually in the year 1153, and when in the astral world he reviewed with clearer vision the course of his physical life, he saw how sometimes the very thoroughness of his self-renunciation and obedience had led him into error. He realised now with the clearness of that more impartial sight that the gospel of Love can never be spread by disputation or by war, and he prayed earnestly for another opportunity to serve God more acceptably—by using the compelling power of love in harmony with the Eternal Love of which it is a part. In this present incarnation that opportunity is given to him; may the blessing of the Lord of Love descend upon him in his use of it!

C. W. Leadbeater

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## THE ORIGIN OF CONTROVERSIES IN THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

THE Theosophical Society stands, first, for Brotherhood. To the frank observer there is something humorous in this, for the Society has seen controversies and survived schisms which are carried on in a manner which seems, and indeed in some ways is, the negation of its very first principle. What is the cause of these recurrent troubles? Their nature and extent is generally known, but their inner character and the range of their influence is a good deal misunderstood.

We have amongst us people who think that they are a cyclic epidemic, like the seven-year locust, falling due, in the case of the Society, next in 1921, since the last outbreaks are said to have occurred in 1914 (led up to in 1913) and 1907 (led up to in 1906), and so on. I am not one to reject the cyclic law in any form, but it seems to me that the vague belief behind this interest in the cycle might perhaps be clarified by remembering that the year of the pest each time falls upon the year of the Presidential Election, and may thus be supposed to be more than coincidentally related to that event. Some might say that there is a determined attempt to unseat the Society from its broad lines of work—that Dark Forces are struggling to take advantage of change related to the Presidential Election to sweep away their chief opponent in this world, the T. S. But one feels that the theories of origin which involve such (to persons like myself) unknown factors tend to occlude elements in these sorry spectacles which ought to be faced more frankly than they are, elements which may not be the

originating causes of the difficulty, but which certainly do more than any other elements to aggravate the disasters, and which add poison to the wounds that come to the Society at such times. These factors are in truth the origin of the controversies in a sense, for though there might be difficulties and adjustments of every character—and there are plenty of these possible in a Society so broad in scope and international in character—they would not assume the awful proportions which they generally do assume, save for the factors I have in mind.

The chief of these factors is that very many people who take sides in whatever discussion arises, fail to get their information from the sources which can alone be expected to know the facts. I am afraid that in many cases the information is derived without reference to the party or parties which are accused of the fault. If, in the first instance, supposedly aggrieved parties went straight to the person or persons injuring them or the cause (for we are all naturally valiant in defence of our beloved Society's reputation), they might very well find that what they supposed to be the case is not the case at all, or that there are factors of which they have no knowledge, but which put an entirely new light upon the issues involved. Zeal to correct is a very useful thing, but when that zeal is based upon partial truths it becomes harmful. Now that is a platitude, the reader will say ; but it is, he will agree, a commonplace which needs constant assertion. And, in our Society, history and the very nature of our work make its assertion exceptionally necessary. I have witnessed, in Lodges and in the whole Society, huge fabrics of controversy reared upon part truths, which might very easily have been avoided if the originators of the discussion had only met each other at every stage and quietly discussed the affairs. Instead, each backs off into a company of adherents and belabours the other ; the supporters become more zealous in belabouring than the



leaders; and the whole affair passes out of reasonable discussion into all sorts of side-issues, personal charges and pamphlet warfare. I might select several cases of this from our history; but we are still young, and I will avoid a resuscitation of the past in which many members have perhaps taken sides. Instead, I will relate a similar experience of my own, which happened outside the T.S. and yet precisely fits the argument.

I was at the head of some work in which I employed a subordinate in a technical capacity. After he had been in charge of his work for some time, I found that his colleagues, though they liked him personally, had decided that he was incompetent and had made a faction against him. Evidence of this appeared slowly and casually, but after a time one member of my staff of workers made the suggestion frankly. We discussed the matter, but got no forwarder, as the speaker could not give chapter and verse, as he acknowledged. He said he would get the facts and would come back later; but by the time he had his supposed facts, talk had been carried on to such an extent that the "incompetent" assistant had had his work made impossible and had indicated that he wanted to leave. I made up my mind that unless he *was* proved incompetent, I would leave the work with him. The managing body had heard the talk and believed it also, and so when I brought the issue up in the form of a vote of salary, his work was challenged. I replied; and then, weeks after my subordinate had been gossiped about and his work and influence spoiled, the truth came out. It seems that he had failed in a competitive task which he had undertaken privately, with my knowledge, out of office hours. The work in question was in general character like his proper office duties, and therefore it was presumed by his critics that since he had failed in the one (as he had), he must be incompetent in the other similar work in the office. Now

there was just one little factor, which the public did not have, which changed the whole situation, and that was that my maligned assistant had undertaken that outside test with borrowed tools, which he knew to be hopelessly insufficient and inaccurate, and had done it as a sort of sporting venture, well aware that his chances with such ridiculous implements would be poor. It will be asked: "Why did not his detractors speak to him on this specific thing first, before ruining his influence and work in his proper department?" The answer is that that is not what humanity does. It very commonly discusses a person's affairs with everybody except that person first. Anybody who has had experience of the world from a manager's point of view knows that quite well. I have known of another instance where a gross charge was made by a correspondent in one place to a correspondent in another 8,000 miles away, when the accuser was living next door to the accused and might have asked him about the matter at any time. Instead, an entirely false statement was circulated round the world in an idle letter without the least consideration of the truth. Highly scandalous? Of course, but that does not alter the fact of its actuality, nor the train of troubles which might have arisen had not the first recipient of the story—a man of sense and experience—immediately referred it back to the accused, where it was promptly and effectually denied.

There are scores of illustrations of this general principle which will occur to anyone who has had management of affairs. Now, in an ordinary business concern the Board of directors have a hearing, and the best brand of justice is done, as far as it can be, and the wrong party loses his job or is hauled into Court. But in the T.S. things are not so simple, fortunately. We strive, if we can, to work on with all sorts of people, and we strive to get all sorts of people to endure us. If there is trouble of some sort in a Lodge, members do not

resign and find another Lodge (though they sometimes found a new one—which has both good and bad aspects as a policy), because, taken in the large, there *is* only one Lodge—I mean, there is just one T.S., and you cannot, as a man in the clothing and boot business might, start a new one any time you like. Besides, we know something of the spiritual laws and their natural forms, and realise that we ought to make a struggle to start anew. We transgress against Brotherhood—at least I do—but we at least acknowledge it and try to reassert our faith in it shortly afterwards. That, so far as it goes, is good; but how much better it would be if we tried hard to refrain from any action (above all, talk) *until we had some reliable information from the party most concerned.*

My own experience has been that most men are reasonable. In case one meets with an unreasonable man who has authority, his associates and his superiors (either individuals or whatever *demos* he is responsible to) will be found to be reasonable. But no one, however much he may think he is reasonable, is likely to stay so long, if he finds that he has been talked about in some ridiculous and half-true way all round the globe before his detractors have approached him directly, in a calm and reasonable manner; not mixing issues nor shifting ground from the personal to the official and back again, but confining themselves to the points actually at stake. A man or woman thus attacked may do one of several things according to his or her character—fight hard, or resign on the ground that where he is not wanted he has no desire to be, and so on—but the one thing (with rare exceptions) that he or she will *not* do after his conduct has been gossiped about, is to approach the matter at issue with that engaging frankness and openness of mind which alone makes for clarity and understanding. Heads of affairs make plenty of mistakes, and there are plenty of people to see them; but there are very few observers who seem to have the capacity to get the facts and then

put them tactfully and yet forcefully before the makers of the supposed mistakes—tactfully, because the amenities of life demand it and because it will help to get the error corrected; and forcefully, but not in any spirit of superiority nor with any trace of impatience and anger. People have moods and tenses, which is why sentences have them. We often forget that that is the natural order of origin; but it is. People are sometimes moody and sometimes tense. But with that allowed for, people are reasonable, with rare exceptions. If that reasonableness were taken for granted a little more frequently, we should get much further with less wastage of strength in unedifying excitements over things which really do not matter, and have fewer of these futile controversies which we sadly look back upon in our great Society. It is fine that we survive, but why get the disease at all?

Such controversies have their hidden side—a wastage of force and a strain on minds, shocking to consider. But if the physical strain and wastage are not in themselves sufficiently obvious to form a deterrent, what use of emphasising the still more instructive effects in worlds unseen by most men?

K.

## THE ORDER OF THE STAR IN THE EAST

### FIRST ALL-INDIA STAR CONFERENCE

AN interesting Conference was held in the Gokhale Hall, Madras, on Saturday and Sunday, the 6th and 7th November, when over a hundred delegates of the Order of the Star in the East gathered together. Many parts of India were represented, including Sindh, Bengal, Central India, and Maharashtra, as well as all the South Indian Divisions of the Order.

The first item on the programme was the Business Conference, when the delegates discussed questions of organisation, finance, etc., and numbers of valuable suggestions were made. It was decided that the next All-India Star Conference that is held in the South shall be in September or October, 1921, probably in Madras City.

### QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY MRS. BESANT

A Social gathering and *Conversazione* followed at 3.30, and after those present had been served with refreshments, the Protector of the Order, Mrs. Annie Besant, conducted a Question and Answer Meeting. Among the various interesting points was the answer to the question: "What is the World-Teacher likely to teach, when He comes?" Mrs. Besant said that in the first place it should be noted that World-Teachers did not try to persuade people to leave their own religion, but rather to purify and broaden existing religions. Thus it inevitably happened that those who were very rigid and narrow-minded objected to the work of the Great Teachers, while They lived on earth, and tried to obstruct Them, or even to kill Them. It was very important, therefore, that on this occasion, when a band of workers existed for the specific purpose of trying to prepare the way for the Great Teacher, they should try to keep open minds, and not dogmatise as to the nature of His teachings. There were some things, however, which might safely be said about those teachings. For example, the work of the Great Teachers was always marked by the spirit of Love: They invariably worked in the direction of Unity, of bringing people together, of constructive Brotherhood, whereas the forces which work for the delaying of evolution and the prolonging of materialism are invariably marked by the spirit of destruction, antagonism and hatred, which are disruptive. Thus, while not

dogmatising as to the nature of His teaching, it might be said that it would be all in the direction of Love, and the best preparation for His Coming and for the eager reception of His ministry was to work actively in promoting the spirit of Unity and of Love in human affairs.

At 5 p.m. Mrs. Besant delivered the Presidential Address to a crowded audience, which listened with rapt attention. A verbatim report will appear elsewhere.

Sunday, November 7th, opened with a lecture in Tamil, at 8 a.m., by Mr. C. R. Parthasarathy Aiyangar, with the Hon Mr. Justice T. Sadasiva Iyer presiding. The lecturer dealt mainly with the subject of the manner of preparing for the Coming of a World-Teacher, and pointed out how, in olden days, the social and religious organisation of villages, under the Panchāyat System, was conducive to the intelligent and broad-minded reception of many different religious views in a spirit of true harmony. He pointed out that one of the best forms of preparation was thus the revival of village life and organisation, especially in its social and religious aspects, teaching the people to co-operate and work together in a spirit of harmony, and thus to be the more ready to appreciate the spirit of harmony which would be the mark of the teaching of the World-Teacher. At 9.15 there was a meeting for Members of the Order of the Star in the East only, Mrs. Besant conducting it.

At 10.30 the Business Conference was resumed and sat until noon. At 2.45 the League of the Servants of the Star met. The National Secretary for India, Mrs. G. S. Arundale, was unfortunately unable to be present, but Mr. Arundale attended the meeting and read Mrs. Arundale's address to the League. Many young people attended and various questions were put and useful suggestions made. Towards the close of the meeting, Mrs. Besant came, and gave a brief and inspiring talk to the children, exhorting them, first of all, to gain knowledge, for without knowledge their work could not be as valuable as it would be if done with a clear knowledge; and secondly, to remember that *little* services were very important. She instanced the case of a blind man trying to cross the road, and said that the true Servant of the great Teacher would regard the service done to the blind man as being done to the Teacher Himself. At 4 p.m. Mrs. Besant delivered the closing address, the hall again being crowded. At 6 p.m., Miss Annie C. Bell, Organising Secretary of the Order, delivered a very interesting lantern lecture to a large audience. Mr. G. S. Arundale, who was to have given the lecture, was unable to be present. The slides shown were, first, a series illustrative of the great religions of the world, and second, a number of slides illustrating a pilgrimage to the Himālayas, partly made by the lecturer herself. The lecture was much appreciated and requests were made for it to be delivered again on another occasion.

## BOOK-LORE

*The Adept of Galilee: A Story and an Argument*, by the Author of *The Initiate*. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 9s.)

The writer of the book under review did a courageous action in publishing his former work, *The Initiate*. There, it will be remembered, he tried to show by examples what principles guided a man of great spiritual attainment—an Initiate. In the present work, however, the author is incomparably more venturesome. He has tried to reconstruct, from every source at his command—physical and occult—the life of Jesus. The life of the Master, as portrayed in the New Testament, lacks for the author much of reality, and he feels, as many have felt, that the true story of the “Adept of Galilee” has never been written. He offers his interpretation of the Life in no ways as authoritative, so far as we can gather, but he puts it forward as a reasonable presentation of the Master’s sojourn on earth.

It is perhaps needless to say that the author will not escape very severe criticism for his daring attempt. The orthodox Christian will obviously have none of him, and even those who have strayed somewhat haltingly from the narrow path of Christian dogma, will find much to wonder at, and probably more to be shocked at.

We are not quite persuaded of the author’s wisdom in giving this book to the world. We wonder whether the world is ready, whether the harm done by it may not outweigh the good. Even in our Theosophical writings (not excluding Mrs. Besant’s *Esoteric Christianity*) there has never been made such a detailed attempt to write down a sequent history of the Life of Christ. The Gospel narratives leave, of course, many gaps to be filled in; but there is a body of tradition, there are the Gospels not acknowledged by the Church, there are Gnostic writings, and finally there is a certain definite contribution from Occult Research. The author makes use of all of these, and we feel that either from the Adept to whom he owes allegiance, or from his own superphysical research, he has contributed greatly to his narrative.

The book is divided into two parts: the Argument and the Story. It is sought to prove in the Argument that Jesus was a high Adept. We presume that, in Theosophical terminology, He had passed the Fifth Great Initiation before His definite ministry in Palestine began. A great portion of the Argument gives an exposition of the Indian

philosophy of Yoga, and it is narrated in the Story how Jesus spent many years in India at the feet of an Eastern Guru. We do not remember to have come across any tradition in India of Jesus's sojourn there. To Theosophical readers much of the Argument will be very familiar in its general application, as it is simply a résumé of the Eastern teaching as to Yoga. There are also considered the writings of Mr. Mead, Mr. Leadbeater, Mrs. Besant, Dr. Anna Kingsford and the Rev. Tod-Ferrier in connection with the Life of Jesus. The possession of the body of Jesus by a still Higher Being, as suggested in Theosophical writings, does not affect the writer's argument. The Jesus who taught in Palestine, whether overshadowed or not, was a high Adept.

Concerning the second part of the book, very little need be said, for undoubtedly it must be read to be appreciated. As regards the style of writing, the reviewer—and doubtless it will be the case with many others—finds that the language used is not—as how could it be?—adequate to the theme. Apart from this, we find many points of the greatest interest. The writer has been disappointed at the presentation of Jesus in the Gospels as “a Man of Sorrows”. He finds Him there depicted as without a sense of humour, without any of the lighter touches which must illuminate the holiest of lives, and without any definite expression of that Bliss which must have been at the centre of so marvellous a consciousness. This aspect, neglected in the Gospels, is sought to be brought out in the narrative.

The miracles are of course explained as being performed by the Master through His knowledge of the higher laws. The raising from the dead, in the case of Lazarus, is explained by Lazarus having fallen into a deep trance. The Crucifixion story is literally adhered to, which rather surprises us; but a new view, to us at least, is presented when we are told that Jesus on the Cross entered into a state of *samādhi*, and emerged from this state on the third day after His Crucifixion.

We could go on detailing many points of absorbing interest in both the Argument and the Story, but we should go beyond our allotted space. We heartily recommend this book to the attention of all Theosophists, and we venture to express our personal admiration for the courage of the writer, whose reverence in his treatment of his theme cannot be doubted, even if many of his conclusions are, as surely they must be, assailed by those to whom orthodoxy presents more attraction than an honest search after truth.

T. L. C.



*Voices from the Void*, by Hester Travers Smith, with an Introduction by Professor Sir W. F. Barrett, F. R. S. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

Quite above the average is this volume, the careful record of six years' experience in automatic communications. Many books now published on the subject of psychic phenomena are of practically no value owing to the lack of the critical attitude on the part of their writers, but this little work is of a very different order, being the personal experiences of a gifted automatist, who is at the same time an educated lady—daughter of the late Professor Edward Dowden.

Great care, patience and wisdom are shown in the treatment of the subject. The communications are arranged under different headings, analysed, docketed as it were; the characteristics of the "control" or communicating entity being pointed out and considered, and allowance invariably made for the possible telepathic element. The result is a particularly interesting series of communications; some, on what seems undeniable evidence, ascribed to those we know as the "dead," or to the sleeping; others showing the faculty of prevision or clairvoyance, many of a psychometrical nature.

In an Introduction written by Professor Sir William Barrett, F. R. S., considerable emphasis is laid on that which he regards as the most important part of the experiences recorded by Mrs. Travers Smith, *viz.*, the evidence they afford of the origin and nature of what are termed "controls" operating upon the automatist at different sittings. "If I may express an opinion on the matter," says Professor Barrett, "it seems to me more difficult to suppose these coherent, consistent and varied controls are merely phases of the personality of Mrs. Travers Smith or some other automatist, than to accept the conclusion to which Dr. Hodgson was eventually driven [the Spiritist hypothesis]."

*Voices from the Void* is well worth studying, especially by those who are still sceptical as to whether the fact of "survival" has been satisfactorily proved. Although it is necessary—imperatively necessary—to distinguish between the facts narrated and the inferences drawn from the facts, there does, undoubtedly, to quote Sir William Barrett again, "appear to be good ground for drawing the inference that some of the evidence here given strongly supports the belief in survival". After the awful and devastating war through which we have just passed, such evidence should prove veritable "manna in the wilderness" to those ruthlessly bereaved.

G. L. K.

*Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for 1917; Thirty-third Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology for 1911—12.* (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

The war presumably caused in America, as elsewhere, much inconvenience and delay to scientific societies, and hence the late arrival of these Reports.

They are of a series we have reviewed in THE THEOSOPHIST from time to time, always with admiration and appreciation of the perfection of the detailed work and the breadth of view of the Directors of these two Institutions. The Report of the Smithsonian Institution is always of particular interest to the general reader because it is the custom of the Institution to append papers of all sorts to its Report, and especially papers illustrated by photographs, etc., that enlighten the minds of the most ignorant, although the accompanying text is often technical. Thus in the volume before us we have delightful articles and pictures upon coral and the formation of coral reefs, the natural history of Paradise Key, the bird rookeries of the Tortugas, and so on. There is an article on catalepsy in *phasmidae*, in which the learned author, a Russian by the name of P. Schmidt, shows clearly that these curious insects that remain for hours motionless are not asleep, but in a state of catalepsy during which their limbs can be bent about on the joints without waking them. They can even be set on their heads, that is, upon their antennæ and two front legs, and there they will stand for three or four hours. If, however, they are pinched, they wake up and run about, and then presently go to sleep again, and finally into a cataleptic condition. Professor Schmidt has shown that the centre of control for catalepsy is in the head, and the simplicity and the ingenuity of his work commands one's admiration. In addition to the Natural History subjects the articles include discussions of mineralogical and other topics of the kind, and a discussion of projectiles containing explosives, all richly illustrated.

The Report of the Ethnological Bureau likewise includes several additional papers, and indeed half of the volume is occupied by the translation of a remarkable book called *The Romance of Laieikawai*, which is the story of the culture hero of the Hawaiian peoples, and shows very clearly its enormous antiquity and its identity with the culture myths of other Pacific peoples.

The most outstanding article from the point of view of scholarship is a discussion of designs of prehistoric Hopi pottery, illustrated with designs and reproductions of exceeding interest, and some of them of special beauty, showing that the traditional knowledge of the Atlanteans,

from whom the Hopi Indians have descended, has not been entirely destroyed, even amongst this poor remnant of that glorious civilisation. There is, for instance, a sun emblem which the Theosophist recognises at once as the symbol of the sun, both in its physical and in its occult aspects, showing conventionalised coronas, and being crossed by the Indian swastika.

The exploration which the Ethnological Bureau carries out continuously amongst Indian settlements includes always studies of uses of plants by Indians, thus ensuring for the world that the medicinal value of American indigenous plants should not be lost with the gradual extinction of the American Indian race—which is gradually declining through a falling birth-rate, in spite of all that can be done in the way of caretaking.

In passing, I notice (p. 133) that the unpleasant American custom of chewing gum clearly has its origin from the custom of these savage aborigines, whom also we can thank for the almost universal custom of tobacco smoking, which helps to mark the present transition stage in Western civilisation. Smoking of other materials than tobacco was customary in India and throughout Asia for centuries, but for “the weed” the American Indian is to be thanked, or, as I think, blamed.

F. K.

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*An Examination of William James's Philosophy: A Critical Essay for the General Reader*, by J. E. Turner. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 4s. 6d.)

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the true art of criticism than in this little book. Alike in the clarity and purity of reason arising out of extensive knowledge, and in its broad humanitarian spirit, in its sympathy with human thought in all its aspects, and in the confidence which breathes through it that the spirit of man is above systems and points of view, beyond matter and time, it forms most delightful reading.

Mr. Turner does full justice to James, though he speaks of the “inconsistent” (p. 75) evolution of his thought; at the same time he does justice to Man as the thinker, holding that thought is not merely a skimming of the surface of reality, a getting what James calls a “bird's eye view,” “a picture of the world in abridgment,” but a

plumbing! of the depths. So he finds as much reality—nay more—in “reason” as in “sensational” reality, or “its modern variant—intuition”; for, to give his quotation from Kant: “Sense without understanding is blind.”

Another of his criteria of judgment is the essential unity between philosophy and religion, for he sees in the Absolute of the philosopher the One Divine Principle called God by religions, and like a true democrat he thoroughly appreciates the preaching of the gospel of philosophy in the “market-place,” as of old in the days of Socrates.

But—and here we hesitate to suggest a flaw in the almost perfect little piece of criticism—is it not rather disappointing that the “common basal principles of the great religions” should be found to be the old fear-laden orthodoxies of “original sin” and “salvation”? They appear in a new dress assuredly, which is at least something to be thankful for; but he describes this as “worlds removed from the religiosity (!) which recognises never ‘wrongness’ but merely imperfection, which finds no other fault with our natural state than its incompleteness, and which seeks, not salvation, but merely a fuller evolution and a better development”. With this exception we have nothing but praise for the book.

M. W. B.

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*Totem and Taboo: Resemblances between the Psychic Lives of Savages and Neurotics*, by Professor Sigmund Freud, LL.D. Authorised English Translation with Introduction by A. A. Brill, Ph. B., M.D. (George Routledge & Sons, Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

Psychoanalysis has suddenly become almost a word to conjure with, now that the findings of this school have become virtually public property, whether acceptable or distasteful. Accordingly a new book by Dr. Freud, the original exponent of this new branch of science, carries with it a justifiable expectation of some material advance in our knowledge of the “unconscious”. In the present case the interest to students of Theosophy is enhanced by the fact that the author contacts their own field of enquiry at two different points: not only does he deal, as before, with the powers latent in man; he also touches the region of comparative religion in his attempt to trace the workings of the unconscious in certain obscure social

customs and religious observances of primitive races. Dr. Freud rightly recognises the correspondence between the childhood of the individual and that of the race—a factor which Theosophists usually speak of as recapitulation, and one which is borne out by the evidence of embryology. He is therefore following a perfectly logical line of investigation in his endeavour to throw light on the problems presented by the unconscious in children and neurotics—among whom there is a marked reversion to infantile tendencies—by observing similar characteristics in the unconscious of the savage, as displayed in such otherwise unaccountable practices as those of totem worship and the restrictions of taboo.

How far the author proves his case must be left for the reader to judge. Those who have already come across Dr. Freud's theories will not be surprised to find a certain amount of special pleading, coloured to the verge of exaggeration by his sexual outlook, and some of the cases quoted are repulsive in a non-medical book. Nevertheless it is clear that he is on the right track, as far as physical heredity goes—plus the heredity which we would ascribe to the physical permanent atom; and his explanations at least compare favourably with those of other well known experts on primitive customs. In the chapter on "The Ambivalence of Emotions" many exceedingly useful points are brought out as to the continual struggle that goes on, even in the earliest stages of humanity, between the opposing emotions aroused by the same object of experience, and the additional complications caused by the alternate retirement of each emotion into the unconscious, so that the one which emerges into the conscious appears for the time being to be the only motive for action. The third chapter—the title, "The Omnipotence of Thought," is nearer the truth than the author suspects—is full of instructive material for Theosophical students to relate to their own conceptions of the power of thought. The style of writing is heavy and uninviting; but the subject is not one for the dilettante reader.

W. D. S. B.

*Six Theosophic Points and Other Writings*, by Jacob Boehme. Newly translated into English by John Rolleston Earle, M. A. (John Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 10s. 6d.)

It will be many a century yet before clear-thinking religious minds get tired of Jacob Boehme. Here we have another well chosen collection from that Christian Mystic, and in Theosophic garb. The translator is to be congratulated on the lucidity of his style, which seems to avoid the complexity due to mediæval syntax and leaves us nothing but the actual meanings to wrestle with and intuit. For, if only to increase the human faculties, an expedition into the realm of Mysticism is always worth while, and the publishers have our good wishes in their venture.

The choice of the material for the book comprises the "Six Theosophic Points"—"Of the springing of the three Principles"; "Of the mixed tree of evil and good"; "Of the origin of contrariety in growth"; "How the holy and good tree of eternal life grows through and out of all the growths of the three Principles"; "How a life may perish in the tree of life" (a "lost personality"?). The last and sixth point is "Of the life of darkness wherein the devils dwell" (the "left-hand path"?), and includes "the four elements of the devil and of the dark world" ("avichi"?). There are also "Six Mystical Points"—"On the blood and water of the Soul"; "On the election of grace"; "On sin"; "How Christ will deliver the kingdom to his Father"; "On Magic"; and "On Mystery". Nine short Texts "On the earthly and heavenly mystery" and four "On the divine intuition" complete a very substantial book; timely also, for the book requires intuition and stimulates it, and such books are rare.

A. F. K.

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*Evidences of Spiritualism: After-Death Communications*, by L. M. Bazett. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This first volume of a series of works giving evidences of Spiritualism promises well. The record is of carefully selected instances of the supernormal, and although the material is all of the usual sort of minor proofs, it has its cumulative effect. Theosophists do well to keep themselves acquainted with this new development of thought, and for this purpose *After-Death Communications* is useful.

F. K.